

Scarronnides:

OR,

VIRGILE Travestie.

A Mock-Poem.

In imitation of the
Fourth Book of *Virgils Æneis*
in English, Burlesque.

*Stultissimum credo ad imitandum non optima quaque
proponere.* Plin. Epist. 5. lib. 1.

Imprimatur,

Roger L'estrang.

L O N D O N,

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in Ivy-lane. 1665.



V

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If no
Yet
And
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Thi
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Self
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For
Tis



UPON
VIRGILE Travestie,
the Fourth Book.

By W. B. Esq;

TELL us how he by her command
Told stories which should be *infand*.
Which neither *Faith nor Troth* would hold;
If not by *Jones* or him been told;
Yet this *must* needs obtain more credit
And be believ'd by those that read it;
Whilest *Jones* by th' arm of flesh did doot,
This man had all the *Gods to boot*,
Which since hath taught some folks to say as
He us'd to say, *Sum pius Anas*.
Self-commendations seem but odly,
When themselves call themselves *the Godly*:
For my part they may *save their labours*,
Tis a sign they live by ill Neighbours:

A

By

*Infandum
Reginae,
jubes ubi.*

Upon Virgile Travestie,

By others hands they may be painted
Devils, who by their own are *Sainted*.

But oh, *In's* sleep, *Mercury* chid him
From that loose company, and bid him
Haste for a *Kingdom* for *Iulus*,
Whose children might hereafter rule us,
By *Revelating Spirits* thus we see

(b) The
Roman.

Obtained was the (a) *Fourth Monarchy* :

Harrison and *Vane* ventured a list

By the same Spirit for a *Fift*.

Nor had *Aneas* fared better,

(a) For

Aneas di-
ed some
100 of
years be-
fore *Dido*
built *Car-
thage*.

Had *Dido* ever seen the Traytour (b)

Chast Queen to be abus'd by story,

Virgil's infamy, as *Virgil's* glory.

But let's proceed (though all must know it

A story false) along with *Pact*.

Look into the *Cave* at all his bravery,

And shewing tricks of hid concavity.

For what did he there, pray ! with *Dido*,

No more then either you or I do :

What ! His thick Runn--- stretched *Dido*,

Her *omicron* into a wide *ā* :

Then let's not make't nor worse nor better,

He only *circumflex* a letter.

Thus having got his will, he must

Into the *Sea* make's second thrust :

Not

the Fourth Book.

Nor can her threatnings nor beseeches,
Make him once more let down his br---
But he'l away, so the advice is,
First by *Mercury*, then by *Anchises* :
Nay to move still i'th' godly fashon,
The *zealos* pleades (c) *Predestination*.
Let *Nan*, *Right Reason* urgent be,
Yet with our *Quakers*, *Hees not free* ;
Fleshy Religion plain treachery,
To make the *Gods* pimp to their lechery.

(c) *Fata*
obstant;
sequimur
te Sancte
Deum,
Quisquis
et.

But to go on, what's next lets see,
Hanging or *wedding's destinie*;
Thou tells us how th' *forsaken else*,
To save her cloths did hang her self ;
Where if some small she then bepist her,
Yet they were made sweet for her sister
With little Soap ; for th' *yellow water*,
Of which folks talk, makes so much matter,
As if great store run down her legg,
Was not so much would *sweet an Egg*.
Thus *Euphues* the rope did prove,
Defil'd his breeches for clean love :
For if pure love (as people write) }
At first begins with *shittle come sh---* }
Hers ending so was purely right,

Upon Virgile Travestie.

But oh ! How did her Sister fare,
Finding her dead as *Moss* did's *Mare* :
VVringing her hands, crying *Eleea* (a)
One would have thought should been as wife
Nother ? what hast thou done oh *Dido* !
Rather be hang'd then bear a *by-blow* :
Then thumpr her breast and tore her hair,
Cry'd *Dido*, *Dido* in her ear,
Speak I beseech thee, prethee speak,
Not one poor word for *Sisters* sake !
But she'd laid speech, her time was comie,
And thus did *Di-Do-end in Dum-Dum* :
And left her Sister a great fortune,
Sir *John Presbyter* to importune.

Virgile

V

(a)

Much

Than

Much

But

(a)

Multa
Gentis
Verba

I

VIRGILE

TRAVESTIE.

The Fourth Book.

(a) **I**N this Fourth Book we find it written,
That *Dido* Queen was deeply smitten;
Much taken with the *Trojan's* person,
Than which a properer was scarce one;
Much of his breeding did she reckon,
But more of what I am loath to speak on;

(a) *AT Regina gravi jamdudum saucia cura,
Vulnus alit venis, & caeco carpitur igni.
Multa vivi virtus animo, multusq; recursat
Gentis honor, haerent infixi pectore vultus.
Verbaq; nec placidam mentis dat cura quietem.*

For which she did so scald and burn
That none but he could serve her turn.

(b) The Sun, that spruce light-headed fellow
With frizled locks of fanded yellow,
The windows crept by radiation,
Like son begot in fornication,
When *Dido* mad for want of Man,
Ev'n thus bespake her Sister *Nan*.

(c) I've been all night (quoth she) my *Nanny*
So strangely troubled in my fancy,
I could not rest till morning peep,
Odd Dreams have so disturb'd my sleep.

(b) *Postea Phœbea illustrabat lampade terras,
Humentemq; Aurora polo dimoverat umb:am;
Cum sic uxor animem alloquitur male sana sororem.*

(c) *Anna soror, quæ me suspensam insomniâ terrent ?*

(d) What

(d) What a stout stripling's this *Aeneas*,

That thus has crost the Seas to see us !

I do believe, nay dare swear for him,

No mortal woman ever bore him :

(e) But some great Lady in the skie,

That nurs't him up with Furmitie !

I hate a base cowardly drone,

Worse then a Rigil ten to one :

But this bold *Trojan* I delight in ;

(f) How bravely does he talke of Fighting !

I tell thee *Nancy*, wer't not that

Folks would be apt to talk and prate,

(d) *Quis novus hic nostris successat sedibus hospes ?*

Quem sese ore ferens ! quam forti pectore & armis !

(e) *Credo equidem (nec vana fides) genus esse Decorum.*

Degeneres animos timer arguit.

(f) ——— Heu ! quibus ille

fattatus satis ! Quae bella exhausta canebat !

Should I so soon, new Suitors have,
 (g) My Husband yet scarce cold in's grave;
 And were I not with my first honey
 Half tyr'd as't'were with Matrimony,
 I could with this same youngster tall,
 Find in my heart to try a fall.
 (h) I must confess since that sad season,
Pigmalion cut my Husbands weazen;
 This only (not to mince the matter)
 Is he has made my mouth to water.

(g) *Ne cui me viacto possum sociare jugali,
 Postquam primus amor, &c.
 Si non pertaesum thalami tedeq; fuisset,
 Huic uni forsan potui succumbere culpæ.*
 (h) *Anna (fatebor enim) miseri post fata Sychæi
 Conjugis, & sparsos fraterna eade penates,
 Solus hic inflexit sensus, animumq; labantem
 Impulit: agnosco veteris vestigia flammæ.*

(i) But may I first *Fove* implore,
 Sinck thorow this my Chamber floor,
 Down quick into the Cellar's bottom,
 'Ere I commit the thing you wor on ;
 Or any thing by lust's suggestion,
 (k) That my good name may bring in question.
 (l) Which said, she wept in manner ampler,
 Than Girle new whipt for loosing Sampler.
Nan in her Answer was not long,
 For nimble baggage of her tongue
 She was, (as some would say that knew her,
 As was in that or next Town to her.)

(i) *Sed mihi vel tellus optem prius ima dehiscat,
 Aut pater omni potens adigat me ———*

(k) *Anti pudor quam te violem aut tua jura resoluam.*

(l) *Sic effata, sinum lachrymis implevit abortis.*

(m) O Sister to me dearer farre
Than Sunshine dayes in harvest are :

(n) Wilt thou (quoth she) O woman wood,
Still stop the current of thy blood,

And loose the time by vain pretences
Of making pretty Boyes and Wenches ?

Wilt thou cut faces evermore
For Husband dead, as naile in door ?

Dost thou believe, thou puling thing,
(o) That dead folks care for whimpering ?

(m) *Anna refert* ————
O luce magis dilecta sorori,

(n) *Solanè perpetuâ mœrens carpere iuventa ?*
Nec dulces natos Veneris nec præmia noris ?

(o) *Id cinerem aut mænes credis curare sepultos ?*

(p) Yield

(p) Yield and be naught at laſt ; y'ave plaid
The fool too long, here be it ſaid,

And ſtood too much in your own light,

Or long enough ago, you might

(q) Have match't your ſelf, and that well too,

Torich and proper men enow.

What though you have ſaid many nay,

Yea, and burnt day-light, as we ſay,

Goodman *Iarbas* here hard by,

And others of good Yeomanry

That might have paſt ; becauſe forſooth

They could not pleaſe your dainty tooth.

(p) *Eſto ; egram nulli quondam flexere mariti ;*

(q) *Non Libya, non ante Tyro deſpectus Iarbas,*

Ductoresque alii quos Africa terra triumphis

Dives alit, &c.

(r) Muſt

(r) Must you still mince it at this rate
 With that you would so fain be at?
 You nere consider what a throng
 Of saucy Knaves you live among.
 Base ill-bred cheating surly currs,
 Rascals as false, as Moor-Landers,
 Such fellows as I greatly doubt me,
 If you no better look about ye,
 And leave this foolish twittle twattle,
 To match with one may tent your cattle,
 Will in a short space not leave a Goose,
 Turkey, or Hen about the house.

(r) ————— Placitum etiam pugnabis amori?
 Non venit in mentem, quorum confederis, arvis?
 Hinc Getula urbes, genus insuperabile bello,
 Et Numide infreni cingunt, & inhospita Syrtis
 Hinc —————
 Barcaei, —————

(s) Your

(s) Your Brother too, he swears and curses
About his Money baggs and purses.

(t) I do believe that *Jove* and *Juno*,
(Whom all the world, and I, and you know
Have ever been your faithful friends)
For some most secret courteous ends.
Overblew *Neptunes* bouncing Ferries,
Have hither sent these *Trojan* Wherries.

Oh were these *Trojans* marry'd to us,
What good such bonny Lads might do us !

(u) What a fine Town would ours be then
How bravely stor'd with lusty Men !

(s) *Germaniq, minas ? — —*

(t) *Diis equidem. auspicihus rear, & Junone secunda
Huc cursum Iliacas vento tenuisse carinas.*

(u) *Quam ta urbem soror hanc cernes ! qua surgere regna
Conjugo tali ! Teucrum comitantibus armis
Punica se tantis attollet Gloria rebus !*

Then

Then without any more ado,
 Sister say Grace, and so fall to;
 They in good manners ten to one,
 Will make an offer to be gone;
 And rather trust their rotten Barges,
 Than stay to put you to more charges :
 (u) But you may make 'um at command,
 As easily stay as kiss your hand.
 (x) Can you not tell 'um that the weather-
 'S too cold, or hot (no matter whether)
 Their Scullers torn, and shatter'd so,
 That they must mend 'um ere they go ;

(u) *Tu modo —————
 Indulge hospitio causasque innecte morandi,
 (x) Dum pelago deservit hyems, & aquosus Orion,
 Quassatæque rates, nondum tractabile calum.*

And

And in concluſion with good reaſon

Wiſh 'um t' expect a better ſeaſon.

(y) With ſuch like documents as theſe are,
Which the young-flut knew beſt would pleaſe
Nancy ſo tickled up her Grace, (her,

That *Dido* ſcarce knew where ſhe was.

Nay ſome affirm a dangerous matter,

She 'd much ado to hold her water :

And counſail'd in that tempting ſtrain,

I wonder how ſhe could contain :

But certain 'tis, that this advice

So wrought upon this Widow nice,

That ſhe who Maid, Widow, and Wife,

Had priz'd her honour, 'bove her life ;

(y) *His diſſis incenſum animum inflammavit amore,
Spemque dedit dubie*

(z) Now

(z) Now car'd no more, for her good Name
Than any common trading dame.

(a) But to the Church (forsooth) anon,
That matters might go better on,
Like people oth' Phanatick fry
Who's sanctities hypocrisie
They must, and slipping on their Pattens
They went, as who should say to Mattens.

Thither now come, fair *Dido* squars
Her bum on bassock made of Mats:
For you must know, as story sayes,
Queens, like the godly in these dayes,
In manner insolent and slightly,
Disdain'd to kneel to God Almighty.

(z) ———— *Menti solvitq; pudorem.*
(a) *Principio Delubra adeunt, pacemque per aras*
Exquirunt. ————

But

But *Anna* who was but a Spinster,
Kneel'd low on stones as hard as flints are.
Their eyes they rowl'd, and bow'd their bodies
To this, and t'other God and Goddeſs;

(b) To *Ceres*, *Phæbus*, and *Lyæus*

And twenty harder names than * *The'as*:

(c) But *Juno* had moſt veneration,

As ſhe was Queen of copulation.

* A figure
ſo new,
that Mo-
dern Au-
thors have
yet no
name for't.

Prayers being done, up *Dido* roſe,

And to the Priſt demurely goes;

She gently pulls him by the garment,

The reverend type of his preferment,

And with moſt gracious looks and ſpeeches,

To borrow a word or two beſeeches.

(b) *Legifera Cæceri, Phæboque, patrique Lyæo :*

(c) *Junoni ante omnes, cui vincla jugalia cure.*

Iſa tenens dextra pateram pulcherrima Dido, &c.

The Priest bow'd low in Ankward wise,
 As 'tis you know Sir Roger's guise,
 And in obsequious manner told her,
 Her Grace with him might make much bolder.

This Priest was held a mighty Clark,
 In mysteries profound and dark;
 (c) Had skill in Phyfick, and was able
 To tell folkes Fortunes by their Table.
 Him she conjures, intreats, and prayes
 With all the cunning that she has,
 Greases his fist; nay more engages,
 Thenceforth to mend his Quarters wages,
 If he would but resolve the doubt
 That she then came to him about.

(c) — *Spirantia consulit exta.*

But 't' had been vain, had he been wiser

Or to instruct, or to advise her;

(d) Alas ! poor Priest ! how fruitless is't

To judge by Physnomy or Fift,

Or what do Prophecies avail

When women have a whisk i'th' tayle ?

(e) *Dido* for love in woful wife;

Bubbles, and boyls, and broyls, and fries;

And in her am'rous moods and senses,

Even like one out of her senses,

About the Town she runs and reels;

With all the School-boys at her heels.

(d) *Heu vatuu ignare mentes ! quid vota furentem,
Quid Delubra juvant ? est mollis flamma medullas
invenit, & tacitum vivit sub pectore vulnus.*

(e) *Uritur infelix Dido, totaq, vagatur
Urbe furens.*

So have I seen in pastures fair,
 VWhere Cattle educated are :
 (f) An heifer young when she doth itch,
 VWith *Gad breeze* sticking in her breech,
 From shady brake on suddain rise,
 And with her tail erect to skies,
 (g) Run through the field with frisks and kicks
 In various capreolls and tricks.
 Some ease poor thing alafs ! to find ;
 (h) VWhen loe the sting sticks fast behind :
 One while she takes her (i) lusty lover,
 Meaning her passion to discover ;

(f) ——— *Qualis coniecta cerva sagitta,
 Quam procul, &c.*

(g) ——— *Illa fuga sylvas saltusque peragrat.*

(h) ——— *Hæret lateri lethalis arundo.*

(i) *Nunc media Aeneam secum per mania ducit :
 Sidoinasque ostentat opes, urbemque paratam.*

She

She leads him out from place to place,
 And shows him all that ere she has;
 Discloses all her secret wealth,
 And sayes, if *Forve* send life and health,
 That she (though simple there she stand)
 VVill make that Living as good land,
 If she continue but a while on't,
 As any lies within five mile on't.
 Then she (k) begins to mump and smatter,
 VVilling to break into the matter,
 And ask the question when (alafs!)
 To see how things will come to pass!
 VVhen she most fain her mind would break,
 She rather could have broke her neck

(k) *Incipit effari, mediaque in voce resistit.*

Than speak a word, vertue forsooth,
 And modesty, so stopt her mouth.
 (l) Over and over then she treats
 Him, and his Mates, with sundry meats,
 VVhilest *Trojans* round besiege her boards,
 Merry as *Greeks*, and drunk as Lords.
 (m) And sure as ere they sit to Table,
 She call's again to hear *Troy's* Fable:
 Nay lov'd it so, that she 'tis said,
 The Ballad then of *Troy-town* made.
 VVe owe her for't, and let us pay't her ;
 VVho English'd it, was her Translator.

(l) *Nunc eadem labente die convivia querit :*

(m) *Iliacosq; iterum demens audire labores
 Exposcit, pendetq; iterum narrantis ab ore.*

(n) Now when with rakeing up the fire
 Each one departs to *Bedford-shire*;
 And pillows all securely snort on,
 Like Organists of fain'd *Hogs-Norton*;
 (o) *Dido*, poor Queen, alone doth lie,
 Dreaming on true-love's *Phryniomy*;
 And in that humour she the small
 (p) *Ascanius* takes : *Troy's Juvenall*;
 And in her lap on tuft of *Sorrel*,
 Laying the little wanton *Gorrel*,
 Oft would she sighing say, *This Lad*,
Oh that he were but like his Dad!

(n) Post ubi digressi, lumenq; obscura vicissim
 Luna, premit, suadensq; cadentia sidera somnos:

(o) Sola domo mæret vacua, stratisq; relictis
 Incubat

(p) Aut gremio *Ascanium*, genitoris imagine capta
 Detinet, infandum si fallere possit amorem,

This life the wofull *Dido* led,
 Eke at her board, and eke at bed,
 (q) Her housewifery no more regarding,
 Neither her spinning, nor her carding;
 But like a Dame of wits bereaven,
 Let all things go at six and seven.

Which when Queen *Funai* (for these two
 Were Clove and Orange, you must know)
 Perceiv'd, and that, then blind checks blinder,
 She threw all care and shame behind her,
 She *Venus* in these words addrests,
 (r) You, and your son may make your boasts,

(q) *Non caepe assurgunt turres: non arma juvenis
 Exercet, portusve aut propugnacula bello
 Tuta parant; Pendent opera interupta, minaq;
 Myræum ingentes, æquatq; machina calo.
 Quam simul ac tali persensit peste teneri
 Chæta Jovis conjux, nec famam obstare furor;
 Talibus aggreditur Venerem Saturnia dictis:
 (r) Tuq; puerque tuus: magnum & memorabile nomen,
 Mai dolo divum si semina victa duorum est.*

With

VVith shame enough, that God, and Goddes,
Like sublunary busie-bodies,

To make a woman light as feather

Do lay your learned heads together.

(s) 'Twas not for nought that I was ever

Afraid of your two coming hither.

You, and your little blinking Urchin

Against this Town have still been lurking;

(t) But when shall we give o're this puther

And leave off vexing one another?

Be thou but nice, I'll be thy friend,

(u) Let's marry um, and there's an end.

(s) Nec me adeo fallit, veritam te mania nostra

Suspectas habuisse domos Carthaginis alta.

(t) Sed quis erit modus? aut quo nunc certamine tanto?

(u) Quin potius pacem aeternam, pactosq; hymenaeos

Exercemus? habes tota quod mente petisti.

Audet amans Dido, traxitq; per ossa furorem;

Communem hunc ergo populum paribusq; regamus

Auspiciis.

Thou hast thy wish, thy little Archer

Has made our *Dido* mad as March-hare.

Then let us all old quarrels quit,

Leave being such a peevish Tit;

(x) *Troy* Lads shall marry *Tyrian* Lasses,

And we will be as merry as passes.

(y) *Venus* who knew she did but glaver,

For all the fine smooth words she gave her,

And proffer'd love's not worth a Cow-turd,

(You know) if spoke but from teeth outward,

(z) Like cunning Quean in smiles array'd her,

And in her own coyn thus she pay'd her.

(x) ——— *liceat Phrygio servire marito,*

Dotalesq; tua Tyrios permittere dextra.

(y) *Olli (sensit enim simulata mente locutam)*

(z) *Sic contra est ingressa Venus ———*

O *Juna* Queen, *Jove's* Bedfellow,
 VWho here above, or who below,
 (a) VWith thee would quarrel or contend,
 And not still rest thy loving friend?
 I like the motion well, but that
 (b) There's one main thing I stumble at;
 And that in downright truth is this,
 (*Jove* pardon if I think amiss,)
 I am afraid, (this doubt I put ye
 In deed-law now is something smutty)
 But I the scruple must not smother;
 VWomen you know, to one another

- (a) ——— *Quis talia demens*
Anna? aut tecum malit contendere bello?
 (b) *Si modo quod memoras, factum fortuna sequatur;*
Sed satis incerta feror; Ni Jupiter unam
Esse velit ———

May freely speak) I (here bee't said
 'Twixt you and mee) am sore afraid,
 My son's so boyfterous, that he
 Perchance may wrong her Majesty.

(c) At that Queen *Juno* smil'd, and said,
 Of that (wench) never be afraid,
 For if they once come one to th' other,
 Shee'l scape as well as did her Mother:
 If then that *Dido*, and thy son,
 To do as other folks have done,
 (d) Thou give consent: (mark) & in few words
 VVich shal be friendly words & true words

(c) ——— *Quam sic excepit Regia Juno,
 Mecum eris iste labor: ———*

(d) ——— *Nunc qua ratione, quod instat,
 Confiteri possit, paucis (adverte) docebo.*

He tell thee how I've cast about,
 And laid a plot to bring 'um to't.
 (c) To morrow ere the Sun (Heaven bless him)
 Can see to rise, at least to dress him.
 Venus and the Queen have made,
 (The Queen and he I should have said)
 A match to go, after her wonting,
 Into the Woods a Squirrel hunting:
 Now I, whilst all on every side,
 The thickets round are occupide:
 And eagerly their Game are following,
 As hunters use, whooping and hollowing:

(c) *Venatum Venus, unaque miserrima Dido
 In nemus ire parant, ubi primos Crastinus ortus
 Extulerit Titan, radiisque reseravit orbem.*

(f) VWill

- (f) VWill cause big bellyed clouds to pow
Upon their Coxcombs such a showre,
And will with rain, and hail so clout 'um,
They'ft not have one dry thred about 'um.
(g) Besides such thunder-claps shall burft our
As ſome of um ſhall ſmell the worſe for't.
(h) *Trojans* and *Tyrians* helter-skelter,
Will then all run to ſeek for ſhelter,
Then each one there will ſhift for one,
And leave the Queen and him alone.
(i) *Dido* and *Bilbo* in this caſe,
Shall finde a Cave as fit a place

(f) *Hic ego nigraſcentem commiſta grandine nimbum,
Dum ſrepidant ala, ſaltuſq; indagine cingunt,
Deſuper inſundam* ———

(g) ——— & tonitru cælum omne ciebo.

(h) *Diffuſient comites, & nocte regen'ur opaca.*

(i) *Speluncam Dido, dux & Trojanus eandem
Proveniant: adero, & tua ſi mihi certa voluntas,
Connubio jungam, &c.*

For such an use, so fine and dark,

That if *Aneas* be a spark,

They there in spite of all foul weather,

May take a gentle touch together :

So each of other may have proof,

(k) And marry after, time enough.

Venus who very well could fathom

The bottom of this subtle Maddam,

Soon smelt her practice, art and plott,

(For you must know the sent was hott)

Yet that she might her malice blind,

And fit the Lady in her kinde,

(l) She seems her free consent to give,

And trips it, laughing in her sleeve.

(k) ————— *stabili, propriamq; dicabo;*

Hymeneus erit.

(l) ————— *Non adversata petenti*

amavit, atq; dolis vixit Cytheræa repertis.

(m) *Ment*

* A very
necessary
instrument
in Squir-
rel hun-
ting.

(m) Mean while the Sun as in his course is (q)
Got up to dress and water's Horses,
VWhen out the merry Hunters come,
VWith them a fellow with a Drumme *,
Your Tyrian Squirrels will not budg else, (gels)
Well arm'd they were (n) with staves and cudgels,
Tykes too they had of all sorts, (o) Bandogs, (s) S
Curs, Spaniels, Water-dogs, and Land-dogs The l
(p) These for the Queen expecting tarry, Fast
VWho longer lay than ordinary; (t) A
For she at night could take no ease, For v
She had been bit so sore with Fleas. That

(m) *Oceanum interea surgens aurora reliquit :
It portis jubare exerto delecta juvenis
Retia rava, plaga*

(n) *Lato venabula ferro,*

(o) *Et odora canum vis.*

(p) *Reginam thalamo cunctantem, ad limina primi
Pavorum expectant.*

(q) Her

(g) Her Mare well trapt of her own spinning,
 Ty'd to the pales Good likewise whinnying;
 For why (as Poets sing the Fable)
 Her foal was belted up i'th' Stable.
 At last she sallies from the House,
 As fine and brisk as body louse.
 (s) She Hood and Safeguard had bran new,
 The lace was yellow, cloth was blew
 Fast to her girdle, ty'd with thong,
 A bunch of Keyes complearely hung
 For why well knew the thrifty Queen,
 That Servants still have slippery been:

(a) ———— *Ostroque insignis Et auro*
sonipes, ac frana ferox spumantia mandis.
 (b) *Tandem progreditur.*
 (c) *Sidoniam piffo cblangdem circumdata lymbo,*
 (d) *Cui pharetra ex auro*
aurea purpuream subnectis fibula vestam.

Her

VWhich

Which made her carefull of her pelf
Evermore keep her Keyes her self.

(u) With her *Fulus* came, that stripling;
A youth een spoyl'd for want of whipping;
For's Father and his foolish Granam
Had ever made a wanton on him:

(x) But when his Sire appear'd in play,
Mounted upon his Galloway,
'Tis said by some that better knew him,
The rest look't like Tooth-drawers to him:

(y) No sprightly Groom so trim and trick is,
That just upon preferments prick is,

(u) ——— et *latus Fulus*.

(x) ——— ipse ante alios pulcherrimus omnes
Inserit se socium *Aneas* —

(y) *Qualis ubi hybernam Lyciam, Xanthiq, fluena*
Deserit, ac Delum maternum inuist Apollo,
Instituatq, choros: ———

Idid V 7

(z) A

(2) As was *Aneas*, stories say,
When clad in cloaths of Holy-day.

His breeches sav'd from *Troys* combustion
Were Kendal, and his Doublet Fustian;
Pinck't with most admirable grace,
And richly laid with green-silk lace.

(a) Athwart his brawny shoulders came
A Bauldrick made, and trim'd with flame;
Where Twibil hung with basket hilt,
Grown rusty now, but had been gilt:
Or guilty else of many a thwack,
With dudgeon Dagger at his back.

(2) ————— *Mollique flammam*
Frangit premit crinem fingens atque implicat auro:

————— *Haud illo segnior ibat*
Aneas, tantum egregio decus enitet ore.

(a) *Tela sonans humeris* —————

Upon his head, he wore a har,
 Instead of Sattin fac'd with far,
 Which being limber-grown, we find
 Most swashingly pin'd up behind ;
 With brooch as gawdy, and as tall,
 As very foremost horse of all.

In best apparel thus array'd,
 They now begin their Cavalcade
 Towards the woods, (b) where being ere long
 Arriv'd (for 'twas not past a furlong
 From *Carthage*, as the learned compute it,
 And let who has been there confute it)
 They every way disperse themselves,
 To watch the little nimble Elves ;

(b) *Postquam altis ventum in montes, atque in via saxa,
 Nec se a saxi dejecta vertice*

As who ſhould ſay, Come this, or that way,
T'other, or any way, have at ye.

The Drummer now 'gan lay about him,
And all the people fall a ſhoutiſg,
Such peals they gave of men, and boyes,
A man could hardly hear for noyſe ;
Nay *Dido* Queen, they ſwore that heard it,
Shouted as loud as any there did.

(c) The frighted Squirrel's ſtumps beſlabour
As they had danc'd to Pipe and Tabour ;
Skipping and leaping in their dances
From tree to tree, ore boughs and branches,
Now on the utmoſt top, and then,
At one leap at the root again.

(c) *Decurrere jugis ; alia de parte patentes
Transmittunt cuſu campos, atque agmina Sq (cervi) Ille
Polyſculeptia fuga, glomerant, montemq; relinquunt.*

C 2

(d) But

(d) But young *Ascanius* hops o'th' house,
 Car'd not for Squirrelling a louse;
 For he's, whilst they are at their chace,
 Playing at *hide and seek*, or *Base*,
 Among his mates, and wishes rather,
 (And so the Stripling told his Father,)
 For naughty Vermine, that would bite him,
 Or Throftle neast, though't did ———

(e) Mean while the clouds began to clatter,
 And to poure down whole pailles of water,

(d) *At puer Ascanius medijs in vallibus ævi
 Gaudet equo; jamque hos cursis, jam præterit illos:
 Spumantemque dari (pecora inter incerta) vatibus
 Optat aprum, aut sulcum descendere monte leonem.*

(e) *Intera magno misceri murmure cælum
 Incipit:* ———

The thunder quite outroar'd the drum,
 (f) And hail stones bigger than ones thumb
 Came pelting down. Then all to save 'um,
 Ran as if twenty Devils drave 'um.
 Whilst young *Ascanius*, and his mates,
 Were washt and dasht like water-Rats.
 Fair *Dido* then for all her whoops,
 Bang'd her old Mare about the stoops,
 And jogg'd her buttocks, though a Queen,
 For fear of being wet to th' skin;
 Nay even *Aeneas* self, forgetting
 His reputation, thruncke i' th' wetting,

(f) *Insequitur commissa grandine ventus,
 Et Tyrus comites passim, & Trojana juventus,
 Dardaniusque nepos Veneris, diversa per agros
 Tecta metu petiere; ruunt de montibus amnes.*
 ——— *fulsere ignes* ———

And ran, or would have done at least,
 But that his Horse, a sober beast,
 Proceeded slow, with motion grave,
 And crav'd the spur, in care to save
 His Masters neck, as some suppose,
 Though his care was to save his cloaths.
 He spur'd; nor yet was *Dido* idle,
 For gingle, gingle went her bridle,
 (g) Till Fortune, or Dame *Juno* rather,
 Clapt 'um into a Cave together.

The Cave so darksome was, that I do
 Think *Joan* had been as good as *Dido*;
 But so it was, in that hole they
 Grew intimate as one may say:

(g) *Speluncam Dido, dux & Trojanus eandem
 Deveniunt; prima & Tellus & prouba Juno
 Dant signum*

The Queen was blith as bird in tree;
 And bill'd as wantonly, whilst hee
 (h) By hinlock ſeazing faſt occaſion,
 Slit into *Dido's* converſation:
 And in that very place and ſeaſon,
 'Tis thought *Aneas* did her reaſon,
 (i) This ſport of miſchief much was cauſe,
 For ſweet-meat will have ſowre ſauces;
 And there their time in Cave ſo ſpending,
 Beginning was of *Dido's* ending.
 Her Maſteſty now no more nice is;
 (k) Nor, ſeeks ſhe now by fine devices;

(h) _____ Conſcius æther

Conjugii _____

(i) Illa dies primus lethi, primusque malorum

cauſa fuit. _____

(k) _____ Neque enim ſpecioſa mæve movetur,

Nec jam ſurtivum Dido meditatnr amorem.

To hide her shame, but leads a life,
As if they had been (l) man and wife.

(m) At this a wench call'd *Fame* flew out
To all the good-Towns round about.

This *Fame* was daughter to a Crier,
That whilome liv'd in Carthage-Shire,

(n) A little prating slut, no higher,
When *Dido* first arriv'd at Tynne.

Than this ——— But in a few years space
Grown up a lusty strapping lass.

A long and lasie quean I ween
She was; brought up to sow, nor spin,

(l) *Conjugium vocat, hoc prae texit nomine culpam.*

(m) *Exemplo Lybiae magnas it fama per urbes:*
Fama ———

(n) *Parva metu primo, mox sese attollit in curas:*
Ingrediturq; solo, & caput inter nobile condit.
Mobilitate viget, viveisque acquirit enada.

Nor any kind of Housewifery,
 To get an honest living by;
 (o) But sauntred idely up and down,
 From house to house, and down to town;
 To spie and listen after news
 Which she so mischievously brews;
 That still what ere she sees or hears,
 Sets folks together by the ears.
 (p) This baggage that still took a pride to
 Slander and back-bite poor Queen *Idda*;
 Because the Queen once on detection,
 Sent her to th' Mansion of Correction.

(o) ——— *Pedibus exivem, & pernicibus alis:*

Cui tot vigilas oculi ———

Tot lingue, totidem ora sonant, tot subrigit aures.

(p) *Monstrum horrendum, ingens* ———

(q) Glad

- (q) Glad she had got this tale by th' end,
Runs me about to foe and friend ;
- (r) And tells 'um that a fellow came
From *Troy*, or such a kind of Name,
To *Tyre*, about a fortnight since,
Whom *Dido* feasted like a Prince :
Was with her alwayes, day and night,
Nor could endure him from her sight, (him :
And that 'twas thought she meant to marry
- (s) At this rate talkt the foul-mouth'd car-
(rion!

(q) *Hæc tum multiplici populos sermone replebat,
Gaudens*

(r) *Venisse Æneam Trojano a sanguine cretum :
Cui se pulchra viro dignetur iungere Dido,
Nunc hyemem inter se luxu, quam longa, fovere,
Regnorum immittentes, turpique cupidine captos.*

(s) *Hæc passim deasæda virum diffundit in ora.*

(r) At

(t) At last she does t' *Iarbas* goe,
 (u) She never in such things was flow,
 And tells him all. Now this *Iarbas*,
 For *Dido's* love was in a hard-case,
 And had been long. Oft did he woe her,
 And did the best he could do to her:
 But still in vain he broke his mind,
 'Twas throwing stones against the wind;
 For though she wise and wealthy knew him,
Dido had nothing to say to him.
 'Tis true, the field he had great flocks on,
 Sheep, Goats, and Cowes, Horses and Oxen;

(t) *Protinus ad regem cursus detorquet Iarbam:*

(u) *Fama malum quo non aliud velocius ullum.*

Hic Ammonis sacus.

Cervum aras posuit

Pecudumque cruore

Ringue solum & variis florentia limina fertis.

With

With money store, and other riches ;
 But one fowl flaw he had in's breeches
 That spoil'd all ; For she had heard the thing,
 One time, as she was Gossiping :
 As in such matters, while you live,
 Women will be inquisitive :
 Which was that he (as story tells)
 A Rupture had, or somewhat else :
 But 'twas enough to make her hate him,
 Nay even as 'rwere abominate him.

When fame had told him of the Trojan,
 (y) *Iarbas* took it in such dudgeon,
 Such high abuse, and evil part,
 He almost could have found in's heart,

(y) *Isque amens animi, & rumore accensus amaro.*

T'have

T'have tane his Knife or his Hanger,
 But yet the man had wit in's anger :
 And ſince to curſe it was no boot,
 He'd try if praying would not doo't ;
 (2) And therefore thus in heavy chear,
 Made his caſe known to *Jupiter*.

(a) O *Jupiter* moſt great and able,
 Whoſe health I every day at Table,
 Drink once or twice ! Doſt thou (O where is
 Thy ſight !) not ſee, what doings here is !
 (b) Shall we when thou thunderſt, doſt think,
 So as to ſowre all our drink ;

(2) *Dicitur ante aras*
Multa Jovem manibus ſupplex oraffe ſupinis :
 (a) *Jupiter omnipotens, cui nunc Manuſia piſtis*
Gens epulata toris Lenteum libat honorem,
Aspicis hæc ? an te genitor cum fulmina torques,
Nequicquam horremus ?
 (b) *Cæcique in nubibus ignes*
Terrificant animos
Es ignia marmora miſcent ?

And

And when the clouds in stormes do burst,
Not care, but bid thee do thy worst !

(c) A wandring woman that had scarce
A rag to hang upon her. —

When she came hither first ; and would
Have then been glad to work for food :
Is now forsooth, so proud (what else !)

And stands so on her pantables,
(d) That she has said me nay most slightly,

And (on the very nonce to spite me)
Has marry'd a spruce youth they say,
(Whom some ill wind blew that away)

One squire *Aneas*, a great Kelf,
Some wandring hang-man like her self :

(c) *Fœmina, quæ nostris errans in finibus* —

(d) ——— *Connubia nostra*

Reppulit, ac dominum Æneam in regna recepit.

(e) And

(e) And now this Swabber, by the maskins,
Has *Dido* by the Gally-Gaskins,
VVhilst I (for still thou deafish art too't)
May pray, and pray, and pray my heart out.

(f) Thus wofully *Iarbas* pray'd:
VVhilst *Fove* heard every word he said;
And turning straight his eyes to *Tyre*,
To look for *Dido*, and her squire,
All in a Chamber finely matted,
He very fairly spide 'um squatted.

(c) Et nunc ille Paris ———
——— Rapto potitur: nos munera templis
Quippe tuis ferimus, samamque fovemus inanem.
(f) Talibus orantem dixit, arasque tenentem
Audiit omnipotens; oculosque ad mœnia torsit
Regia, & oblitus fama melioris amantes.

At

And

At which as 'twere, somewhat in fury,
 He calls his nimble youth *Mercury*,
 And thus bespake him, Sirra hear ye,
 Put on the wings that use to bear ye,
 Away to *Carthage*; there's a stranger,
 A *Trojan* lies at rack and manger:
 (h) Tell him from me that his smug Mother,
 Did pass her word that he another
 Manner of life and conversation
 Should lead, and leave this occupation.

(g) *Tunc sic Mercurium alloquitur, ac talia mandat,
 Vade, age, nate, voca Zephyros, & labere penus,
 Dardanumque ducem, Tyria Carthagine qui nunc
 Expectat* — — — — —

Alloquere, & celeres defer mea dicta per omnes.

(h) *Non illum nobis genitrix pulcherrima talem
 Promisit* — — — — —

(i) Or

- (i) Or twice the *Gracian* Cavaleers
Had beaten's brains about his ears,
Ere this: and tell him more (*) that he
Who means to conquer *Italy*,
Must with his work goe through stiches;
And not run hunting after bitches:
(k) But if he will not venture's pate
A rap or too for an Estate,
As by his prancks it doth appear,
(l) Methinks though he might do's for's heir.

(i) ——— *Gratumque ideo his vindicat armis.*

(*) *Sed fore qui gravidam imperii belloque fremientem*

Italiam regeret, genus alto a sanguine Teucæ

Proderet, et totum sub leges mitteret orbem.

(k) *Si nulla accendit tantarum gloria rerum;*

Nec super ipse sua molitur laude laborem.

(l) *Ascanione pater Romæ intus arces;*

Nec prolem Ausoniam, et Lavinia respicit arva?

) Or

D

(m) Ask

(m) Ask what the Devil 'tis he means,
To spend his time thus among queans :
Not minding mischiefs, nor mishaps ;
Nor fearing *Dido's* after-claps.

(n) Bid him be trudging he were best ;
If I come to him, I protest,
I'll send him packing else such new-wayses,
He shall remember me these two-dayes.

(o) This said, *Jove* need not bid him twice,
Away he trips it in a trice,
To make him ready to be gone :

(p) And first his pumps he fastned on ;

(m) *Quid struit ? aut qua spe inimica in gente moratur ?*

(n) *Naviget : hac summa est, hic nostri nuncius esto.*

(o) *Dixerat. Ille patris magni parere parabat
Imperio* —————

(p) ——— *Et primum pedibus talaria nectit
Aurea : qua sublimem alis sive æquora supra,
Sive terram, rapido pariter cum flamine portant.*

Which

Which being neatly pinckt and cut,
And finely fitted to his foot:
Had wings tyde on with thongs of leather;
Or Taching ends, I know not whether,
Which he could flie withall as well,
As he'd been brought up too't from th' ſhell;
(q) Then in his hand he takes a thick Bar,
With which he tis'd to play at Kit cat ;
To beat mens Apples from their trees,
With twenty other rogueries ;
Beſides (as Rake-hells will abuſe dayes)
To throw at Cocks upon *Shrove-Tueſdayes*!

(q) *Tum virgam capit ; hac animas ille evocat Orco
Pallentes, alias ſub triſtia Tartara miſſit,
Dat ſomnos adimitque, & lumina morte reſignat.*

(r) Thus dight he like a Partridge springs
 Cutting the ayre with nimble wings :
 'Twas well his care had tyde um fast,
 Else ten to one hee'd flowne his last :
 No Swallow could have overgone him,
 He flew as if a Hawk had flowne him,
 Untill he saw a very high-Hill ,
 A higher Hill by farre then my Hill ;
 (s) *Atlas* 'twas call'd ; So high a one
 That Pen-men-Maure's, a cherry-stone
 Compar'd : you could not thrust a knife
 'Twixt Heaven and it , to save your Life ;

(r) *Ille fretus agit ventos , et turbida tranat
 Nubila*

(s) *— Jamque volans apicem , et laeva ardua cernit
 Atlantis duris*

ings

(t) It props the skye, as *Virgil* marks,

Or else 'tis thought we should have larks;

(u) Here first did *Mercury* alight,

To bait, and rest him after's flight;

Where having prun'd his heeles a little

And smooth'd his Plumes with *fasting spittle;

(x) From thence he took another freak;

As if he meant to break his neck.

(y) Even as a Hawk her self doth carry

From kill-ducks place to stoope her quarry;

Tis con-
ceiv'd he
did thar
before he
bayted.

e;

(t) ——— *Calum qui vertice fulcit,*

(u) *Hic primum paribous nitens Cyllenius albe*

Constitit :

(x) ——— *Huic toto præceps se corpore ad undas*

Misit ——— ;

(y) ——— *vi similis que circum littora circum*

Pisces scopulos humilis volat aquora juxta :

Haud aliter terras inter, calumque volabat

Littus arenosum Lybix, veniosque secabat.

t) It

So *Mercury* to mortal view,
 Himself from *Atlas* head-long threw.
 Stones cast by fam'd *Parisian* slinger,
 Compar'd to him, would seem to linger;
 And Arrows loost from *Grauh-sweet* bow
 In *Finsbury*, to him are slow:
 Nay Lightning darted from above,
 With flaming tail from angry *Jove*,
 Would in comparison appear,
 To creep like lazie loyterer.

(z) The first place after this vagary,
 He lighted on, was *Dido's* dayry;

(z.) In primum alatis tetigit Magnalia plantis;
 Aeneam fundantem arces, ac tota uerantem
 Conspicit: —————

Whence he *Antas* soon did spy,
 Ord'ring her Highness husbandry:
 He took upon him as her Spouse,
 And vapour'd like the man o'th' house;
 For all that time, as't came to pass,
 In quarrel high engag'd he was,
 And ready in his fumigation
 (As Histories do make relation)
 To fall to logger-heads, as't appears,
 With a few saucy Carpenters:
 Who building were a house of ease,
 For *Dido* in Necessities:
 They would not follow his advice
 (As work-men still are over-wise)
 Which made him foame, and flirt out spittle,
 Because they made the holes too little.

(a) Down hanging by his side he had,
 A dangerous bright-browne flashing blade,
 'T had beene new furbusht up at Tyre,
 A better never past the fire.

(b) A Jacket on his back he wore,
 Lin'd through, and through with Cony Fur;
 Given as a present by the Queen:
 It had indeed her Husband's been;
 But neither by the Nap; nor tearing
 Was it a pin the worse for wearing.
 This (as of either Queene, or King
 Vile people will be censuring.)

(a) *illi stellatus jaspide salua
 Ensis erat*

(b) *Tyrioque ardebat murice Lana
 Demissa ex humeris: Dives quæ munera Dido
 Fecerat, et tenui telas disceverat auro.*

Was given *Aeneas* for a charme,
 And though the Queen might think no harm;
 Yet some have giv'n a parlous hint,
 Of a strange hidden vertue in't.
 Ecquip't thus fine *Mercury* found him,
 (c) And roundly in his ear thus round him,
 Thou here thy self most busie makes,
 In building for the Queen a Jakes;
 But never think'tt, such is thy wileness,
 What shall become of thy own business;
 The thunder-thumper who by threaves,
 Makes men to quake like Aspen-leaves;

(c) Continuo invadit: tu nunc Carthaginiæ altæ
 Fundamenta locas, pulchramque uxaribus urbem
 Extruis, (heu!) regni verumque oblite tuarum.
 Ipse deûm tibi me claro demittit Olympo
 Regnator cælum, & terras qui numine torquet.

(d) He

- (d) He whom the rest o'th' Gods do honour,
 Has sent me from *Olympus* Mannor,
 To ask thee what thou do'st intend,
 Thy time thus wickedly to spend ;
 And loyter here like a Hum-drum,
 Not caring what thou dost, nor whom.
- (e) He sayes, though fearful, as a stranger,
 Thy cox-comb thou'lt not bring in danger
 To mend thy state, nor get thy living
 By any honest way of thriving: (care
- (f) He thinks though thou might'st take some
 Of him that is thy Son and Heir,

(d) *Ipse hac ferre jubet celeres mandata per antras,
 Quid struis ? aut quâ spe Lybicis teris otia terris ?*

(e) *Si te nulla movet tantarum gloria rerum
 Nec super ipse tuâ ———* Ec.

(f) *Ascanium surgentem ——— spes heredis Jûli
 Respice : cui regnum Italia, Romanæq, tellus
 Dehentur. ———*

511 (b)

And

our, And not thrash here like Bore unworthy

When he has made provision for thee,

(g) *Mercury* vanisht having spoke as

Yave heard like any *Hocus-Pocus*,

And home-ward did forthwith aspire,

Nor ever stay'd to drink at Tyre.

(h) But *Don Aeneas* at the vision

Was in a very sad condition;

He could not speak to Foe or Friend,

And eke his Hair did stand on end

So stiff, it thrust his Hat so far,

Above his Head into the air,

(g) ———— *Tali Cyllenius ore locutus,*

Mortales visus medio sermone reliquit,

Et procul in tenuem ex oculis evanuit auras.

(h) *At vero Aeneas aspectu obmutuit amens,*

Arrectaq; horrore comæ, & vox faucibus hæsit,

And

That

That a great Turkey might have flown,
 Betwixt his Bonnet and his Crown.
 Half frighted out on's little wit;
 (i) He now had eggs (I faith) o'th' spit,
 'Till he was gone: (k) But how (alafs!)
 To break the matter to her Grace,
 He knew no more, the bashful Groom,
 Than did the furthest man of Rome:
 (l) Nor could he frame him to begin,
 T' appease that loving soul the Queen:
 For nought more vexes Womens bloods,
 Than to be left so in the fuds.

- (i) *Ardet abire fuga* —————
 (k) *Heu! quid agat?* —————
 (l) ————— *Quo nam Reginam ambire furem*
Audeat affatu? & quæ prima exordia sumat?
Atque animum nunc huc celerem, nunc dividit illuc;
In partesque vapit varias —————

In this quandary scratching's pate,
 After a pensive long debate
 He calls at last his fellow Rake-hells,
 (n) And bid's um get their tools, and tackles,
 Aboard their wherries, and be heedful,
 To lay in all things that were needful,
 Especially meat : (o) but stowe it ,
 So secretly that none might know it ;
 That on occasion in a trice Sir
 They might be gone, and none the wiser ;
 And since he humbly did conceive,
 To steale away, and take no leave,

(n) *Classē aptent taciti, socios ad litora cogant;*
 Alma parent,

(o) *Et quæ sit rebus causa novandis,*
Dissimulent: quando interea optima Vido
Nesciat.

In

VVould

VVould be uncivil, and enough
 To tear a heart though made of Buffe :
 He was resolv'd to take the Queen,
 (p)VVhen set upon some merry pin,
 And tell her plain with vows most fervent,
 He was her Graces humble Servant.

(q) But *Dido Carthage* Queen (for who
 Can think to cheat a woman so ?)
 VVas soon, I warrant you, aware
 O'th' slippery trick he meant to play her.
 'Tis true she ever had been jealous
 Of all such vagrant kind of fellows,
 And kept her things safe under lock,
 Ere since the stealing of her Smock :

(p) ———— *Et quæ molliſſima ſandi*
Tempora, quibz rebus dexter modus.

(q) *At Regina dolos (quis fallere poſſit amantem ?)*

But now to adde unto her fear,

She had it buzz'd into her ear

(r) By that miſchievous prating VVhore,

Fame, that I told you of before,

(s) Not as they ſay out of good will,

But to be brewing miſchief ſtill,

That he for all his fair pretences

(ches,

(t) Had greas'd his Boots and waſht his Ben-

And now was ready ſet on wheels,

To ſhew a nimble pair of heels.

(u) This ſudden news, I do aſſure yee,

Put *Dido* in a deſp'rate fury,

(r) *Præſenſit, motuſq; excepit prima ſuavos,*
Omnia tuta timens. ———

(s) ——— *Eadem impia fama furenti*
Deruliſt. ———

(t) ——— *Armavi claſſem, curſumq; paravi.*

(u) *Sævis inops animi, totamq; incenſa per urbem*
Bacchatur ———

But

And

And made her frisk about and gad,
 That all her people thought her mad;
 Whilst she from house to house did flie,
 As she had run with hue and crie.

(x) Even as a Philly never ridden,
 When by the Jocky first bestridden,
 If naughty boy do thrust a nettle
 Under her Dock, to try her mettle,
 Does rise and plunge, curvet and kick,
 Enough to break her riders neck;
 Even so Queen *Dido* at that tide,
 Laying all Majesty aside,
 Play'd such mad freaks, that well were they
 Could furthest get out of her way.

(x) ——— *Qualis commotis excita sacris*
Thyas, ubi audito simulat Trieterica Baccho
Orgia, non minus, que vocat clamore Cytherei.

Thus

Thus flinging round from place to place;
At last to make it short, her Grace
Finds me amongst a crew of Mad-Caps,
Aeneas at one Mother *Red-Caps*.

Well overtane (quoth she) half weeping;
(y) *Aeneas* thour't a pretious Pepin,
To think to steal so sily from me,
When thou hast had thy soul will o' me;

(stay'd thee;
(z) Could not my Love (thou knave) have
Nor yet the promise thou hast made mee;

(y) Tandem his *Aeneam* compellat vocibus ultis;
(z) Dissimulare etiam sperasti perfide, tantum
Posse nefas? tacitusque meum decedere terra,
Nec te noster amor, nec te data dextera quondam
Tenet?

E

Nor

Thus

Nor that thou knowst if thou wert gone
 My work would all be left undone ;
 But that thou'lt flinck away thou Varlet,
 And leave me like forsaken Harlot ?

(a) In winter too, o're blustering Seas,
 When it 'twixt two a bed doth freeze?

(b) What though thou hadst as thou hast none
 A House to go to, of thine own,
 Could'it find yet in thy heart to 'reave me
 Of thy dear Company, and leave me ?

(c) By this last Rhume thou seest that wets
 My cheeks, and by thy hand that sweats,

(a) *Quin etiam hyberno moliris sydere classem,
 Et mediis properas Aquilonibus ire per altum :
 Crudelus ———,*

(b) ——— *Quid si nos arva aliena, domosque
 Ignotas peteres? ———
 Mene fugis? ———*

(c) ——— *Per ego has lachrymas, dextramque tuam te,
 Per Convivia n' ostia, per incertos hymenaeos.*

I'me Prief, by the whole matters Cartiager
 And by the Earnest of our Marriage: (d)
 And by those sweet delights we stole, (e)
 When the rayne drave thee into th' hole;
 (d) Ifought there pleas'd thee; or since any
 Other delights, as we have had many, (e)
 I do beseech thee *Trojan* fine,
 Not to undo both me, and mine.
 (e) For thy sweet sake the knavish *Lydians*,
 The *Tyrians*, and the vile *Numidians*,
 In midst of which is my abode,
 Hate me, as one would hate a Toad.

(d) Si bene quid te merui, fuit aut tibi quicquam

Dulce meum, misere domus tabentis

Ovo si quis adhuc precibus locus

(e) Te propter *Lybicæ* gentes, *Nomadumque* *Tyranni*

Odere insensu *Tyrii*; te propter eundem

Extinctus pudor:

For thee I first forewent all shame,
 (f) And that I liv'd by my good name,
 And wilt thou having spent thy ardour,
 And eat me out of house and harbour,
 (g) So basely to my foes betray me,
 And neither stay with me, nor pay me ?
 (h) No sooner shall thy back be turn'd
 But all my building will be burn'd;
 That Rogue *Pygmalion* will ha' me,
 Or else *Iarbas* here will ta' me,

(f) ———— Et quâ solâ sidera adibim,
 Fama prior. ————

(g) ———— Cui me moribundam deservis hospes.

(h) Quid moror ? aa mea Pygmalion dum mania frater
 Destinat ? aut captam ducat Getulus Iarbas ?
 Saltem si qua mihi de re successa fuisset
 Ante fugam jobotes, si quis mihi parvulus aula
 Luderet. *Æneis* ————

Non equidem omniao captâ, aut deserta viderer.

If (as we oft have ventur'd it,)
I had but a big belly yet,
A little *Trojan* comming on,
To play withal, when thou art gone,
Then let the Rogues do what they durst do,
I should have something yet to trust to.

Aeneas t'ane thus basely tardy,

(i) Turnd pale ; and like a stickt-pig star'd ye:
He could not stand upright but lean,
One might have fell'd him with a bean ;
Nay he was struck so at her speeches,
Some say he did defile his breeches,
His bowels did so yearne upon her ;
But being that may wound his honor,

(i) ——— *Ille immota tenebat
Lumina, et obnixus curam sub corde premebat.*

I'll not affirme it; but proceed;
 To tell you what he said, and did;
 Much was he mov'd at *Dido's* words
 (words:
 Which stab'd him through and through like
 Much griev'd to see her weep, and sob so,
 To throw about her snor, and thro' so:
 But *Merc'ryes* Message more prevailing
 Then her collouging or her rayling,
 After a many fine good-morrows,
 (k) He thus began to salve her sorrows,
 Should I (quoth he) O Queen deny,
 That thou'rt the flower of courtlesse;

(k) Tandem pauca refert, Ego te, qua plurima fando
 Enumerare vales, nunquam Regina negabo
 Promisit am.

Or any flanders vile contrive,
 I were the basest knave alive.
 I must confesse that thou O Queene,
 To mee, and to us all hast beene
 More like a Mother, than a friend,
 So much Ile say, and there's an end ;
 (l) And if I ever do forget ye,
 Or fail to drink a Health to *Betty*,
 Let me be hang'd as high, or higher
 Then topp of *Carthage* steep'e spire :
 (m) Few words are best ; if you be civil,
 I'll tell the truth, and shame the Devil.

(l) ————— *Nec me meminisse pigebit Eliza,
 Dum memor ipse mi, dum spiritus hos regit artus.*

(m) *Pro re pauca loquar* ————— :

(n) ————— *Nec ego haec abscondere furto
 Speravi (ne finge) sugam.* —————

E 4

(n) I

Or

(n) I nere had thought, much lesse desire
 Basely to build a sconce at Tyre,

And steal away from thee my honey.

(o) But for the thing call'd Matrimony,

Although I did the thing you wott,

Iove be my Judge I mean it not.

Indeed I took it for a kindnesse,

To be familiar with your Highnesse.

But if I ever thought of other,

Than one good turn requires another;

Or on such terms e're gave my fist,

I'me th' arrantst Rogue that ever pist.

(n) ——— Nec ego hanc abscondere furto
 Speravi (ne fuge) fugam. ———

(o) ——— Nec conjugis unquam
 Prociendi tædæ, nisi hac in sedera veni.

(p) I must confess that if it lay,
In my own power, as one may say,
That I had some good bargain made
And bound my son here to a Trade,
Plac'd all my followers, and therefore
Had no one but my self to care for,
I would as willing match with you,
As any woman that I know :

(q) But as things stand, I needs must follow
The councill of my friend *Apollo*,
Who sends me word I must convey me
To *Lucia* with all speed that may be,

(p) *Me si fata meis paterentur ducere vitam
Anspiciis, et sponte mea componere curas.*

(q) *Sed nunc Italiam magnam Gryneus Apollo,
Italiam Lyciæ iussere capessere sortes,
Hic amor, hæc patria est.*

Where

Where by a dainy rivers side,
 A farme lyes ready cut and dryd,
 Will hold both me, and all my meany,
 And cheap as fourty eggs a penny,
 There then in downright truth doe I
 Intend to live and occupy;
 (r) And if so be that you who are sage,
 Delight so in your Town of *Carthage* :
 Why should it be in us so great sin,
 Who have no House to thrust our heads in
 To travel to a forreign Nation,
 For some convenient habitation ?

(r) ——— Si te Carthagois arces
 Phenissam, Lybicæque aspectus detinet urbis,
 Quæ tandem Ausonia Teucros confidere terra
 Invidia est ? et nos fas externa quærere Regna.

I can

(s) I can no sooner go anights
 To Bed (*Fove* blefs us all from sprites)
 But that ere I can frame to fnooze,
 My Fathers Ghost comes through the dore
 Though shut as fure as hands can make it,
 And leads me fuch a fearfull racket;
 I fteew all night in my own greafe,
 So that your mayds may, if they please,
 Wring from the fhirt wherein I wallow,
 Each morning tyde, as much good tallow
 As well would liquor all their fandals,
 And make befide fix pound of candles.

(s) *Me patris Anchifa, quoties humenibus umbris
 Nox operit terras, quoties astra ignea surgunt,
 Almonet in fomis, et turbida terret Imago,
 Me puer Afcanius* —————

I can

And

And all this is to have me gone,
 And not stay heret' undoe my son ;
 (t) Besides, not past an hour ago,
 Jove sent his Lackquay to me too ;
 I saw him fly, I'le (u) take my oath,
 (And man has but his faith and oath)
 As plainly ore your dairy top,
 As ere I saw him on the rope :
 And heard him speak as plain but ene now,
 As I hear you, or you hear me now.

(t) Nunc etiam interpres divum Jove missas ab ipso

————— Celeres mandata per auras

Detulit. —————

(u) Testor utrumque caput. —————

————— Ipse Deum manifesto in lumine vidi

Intrantem muros, vocemque his auribus hausi,

(x) Then let me be so much beholding,
Unto your Grace to leave your scolding;
For I this voyage undertake,
Even like a Bear that's drawn to th' stake.

(y) This said, the Queen in wrathful wise,
Rowling about her goggle eyes,
As she would throw 'um in his face,
Unto her fury thus gave place.

Stinkard (quoth she) now thy false heart
Show's what a cheating knave thou art:
The Symptoms of a Rogue thou hast all,
Thou a true *Trojan*, thou a Rascall!

(x) *De sine me qua tuis incendere teque querelis;
Italiam non sponte sequor.*

(y) *Talia dicentem jam dudum aversa tuetur,
Huc illuc, volvens oculos, totumque pererrat
Luminibus tacitis, & sic accensa profatur.*

(z) No man or woman of good fashion,
 Ere coupled for thy Procreation;
 But whelp't thou wert of Tinkers bitch,
 Under some hedge, or in some ditch:
 Nay, I'll not balke you Sir; nor care,
 For all you look so big and stare;
 Let thy foul hide with malice burst,
 I do defie thee, do thy worst.
 (a) Instead of fighting in this case,
 Full foure thou belche'st in my face;
 And thou so stubborn art and cankerd;
 Thou shed'st no tears, but tears o'th' Tankerd

(z) *Nec te diua parent, genivis nec Daedalus auctor
 Per fide: sed duris genuit te cautibus horrens
 Caucasus, Hyrcaneque admovent ubera Tigres.
 Nam quid dissimulo?*

(a) *Num fletu ingenuis nostro? num lumina flevis?
 Num lacrymas victus dedit? aut miseratus amantem est?*

Had'st thou but counterfeited passion;
 To signifie commiseration,
 Or offer'd but a four face, it
 Had been a sign of some small grace yet;
 But like a logger-headed Lubber,
 Thou grinning stand'st, and see'st me blubber;
 (b) And *Jove* nor *Juno*, for ought I see,
 Will neither of 'um both chastise thee.

(c) There's no truth in this age we live in;
 A wandring beggar hither driven;
 Who had when weak as he could crawl,
 No crosse to bless himself withal;

(b) ——— *Jam jam nec maxima Juno,
 Nec Saturnius hac oculis pater aspicit æquis.*

(c) *Nusquam tanta fides! ejectum litore egentem
 Excepi,* ———

I have

I have receiv'd to bed and board,
 Feasted, and clad him like a Lord,
 (d) And (like a simple haire-brain'd jade)
 This youth Haile-fellow with me made:
 And now forsooth he cannot stay,
 Apollo bids him run away.

(e) Nay though I have in friendly wise
 Cur'd his mens scabs and kill'd their lice :
 Yet having now fall'n to his lot,
 A good rich Farm lies piping hot :
 Should he stay here, it would undo him,
 And Jove has sent his footman to him ;

(d) ———— Et regni demens in parte locavi :
 ———— Nunc augur Apollo.

(e) Amissam classem, socios a monte reduxi.

(f) Nunc Lyciæ sortes, nunc & Jove missus ab ipso
 Interpres divinum fert horrida jussa per auras,
 Scilicet is superis labor est, ea cura quætor
 Sollicitat ————

As if the Deities were so
Concern'd, they'd nothing else to do,
But send their Lacquais, and their Pages,
To him on how-dees and messages,

But I'll waste on thee no more breath,
For whom the wind that fumes beneath,
Is far too sweet : Avânt thou slave !
Thou lying Cony-catching Knave,
Be moving, do as thou hast told me !
(g) No body here intends to hold thee !
(h) Go ! seek thy Farm, I hope 'twill be
I'th' very bottom of the Sea :

(g) *I sequere Italiam ventis, ———*
Neque te teno ———

(h) *Pete regna per undas,*

Spero equidem mediis ———

Supplicia hausurum scopulis ———

But should'st thou scape, and not in Dike-ly,
 Drown'd like a puppy as 'tis likely,
 Since in the Proverb old 'tis found;
Whose barn to hang will nere be drown'd
 Yet should'st thou not be much the higher,
 (i) I'll haunt thee like a going fire;
 As soon as I can turn t'a Ghost,
 Which will be in a week at most:
 Then in the mid-night sleep I'll wake thee,
 And ride thee worse than any Hackney.
 I'll terrifie thee day and night;
 Nay if thou do'st but go to ~~moor~~
 There will I stand with flaming taper,
 To Fizze thy tail instead of paper.

(i) ———— *Sequitur atris ignibus absens:*
It cum frigida mors anima reduxerit artus,
Omnibus umbra locis adero.

(k) I'll make thee rue the time that ere
Thou cam'st to play thy knaves tricks here.

(l) In middle of this wrathful speech
Down drops Queen *Dido* on her breech;
Her mouth was stopt, and on the ground
She silent lay in doleful fround:
Shut were her eyes; nor had she hearing,
For what *Aeneas* was (m) preparing,
Upon this pitiful occasion,
To say in's own justification.

In haste the *Trojans* all advance
To 'wake her Grace out of her trance;

(k) ——— Dabis improbe parcas.

(l) His medium dictis sermonem abruptis & auris
Agro fugit.

(m) Linquens multa metu cunctantem, & multa parantem
Dicere ———

They try'd to raise her in such sort,
 As when men cry, *Le corps est mort* :
 But here the Charm would not prevail,
 They could not raise her from her tail :
 For though full light, when her own woman
 Yet in this heavy dump was no man
 Could raise her up, though nere so mighty,
 Sorrow had made her bum so weighty.

(n) At last a crew of strapping jades,
 That were, or should have been her Maids,
 Gath'ring her up away convey'd her,
 And having in her own bed laid her,
 With rugs they boulder'd her about,
 To try if she could sweat it out.

(n) ——— *Suscipiunt famula, collapsaque membra
 Adymoreo referunt thalamo, stratisque reponunt.*

(o) *Aeneas* though 'twas his desire,
 Something t' have said might pacifie her,
 And though his heart did bleed within him,
 To think of what had past between 'um,
 (p) Yet because *Jove* so loud did threaten,
 He sooner durst his nails have eaten,
 Having so terribly been chidden,
 Than not t' have done as he was bidden.
 Therefore in haste his hostesss beck'ning,
 To come, and bring 'um in a reck'ning:
 Straight to the wharfe repayres the hot-shor,
 (q) Without once calling for his shot-pot.

(o) *At pius Aeneas, quanquam lenire dolentem
 Solando cupit, & diis avertere curas,
 Multa gemoas, magnoque animum labefactus amore :*

(p) *Iussa tamen divum exequitur* ———

(q) ——— *Classemque revisit.*

Tam vero Tenui incumbunt & litore celsas

Deducunt toto naues : ———

The *Trojans* now by his commission,
 Launch all their Boats with expedition;
 You now upon the Ocean might see, (lightly,
 (r) The new greas'd wherries swim most
 They had new made 'um fine long poles,
 New pitcht their oars, and made new thoules,
 Though many things were left undone,
 (s) They were so eager to be gone.

(t) Then might you see 'um make their Sallies
 From *Carthage* Town, through lanes and allies,
 Stealing away with lewd intentions,
 To cheat the *Tyrians* of their pensions,

(r) ———— *Natat uolva carima :*
Frondeſque ſeruat remas, & robora fluis
Infabricata. ————

(s) ———— *Fuga ſtudio.*

(t) *Migrantes cernas, totaque ex urbe ruentes.*

Fearing their Landladies would brabble
And dun 'um for their quarters table.

(u) As Hedg-hogs when they go to th' wood,
To fetch a hoard of Winter food,
Return well laden with their vitules,
Fine yellow Crabs stuck round their prickles
Even so the *Trojans* with out doubt,
Were at this season hung about
With fardles, bundles, bags and wallets,
To cloath their backs, and feed their pallats.

(x) But what thought *Dido* in this case,
When thus she saw them sink their wayes,

(u) *Ac veluti ingentem formica farris acervum
Cum populant hyemis memores, teloque reponunt.*

*It campis agmen, pradamque per herbas
Corrillant calle angusta, pars grandia trahunt
Obnixæ frumenta humeris, pars*

(x) *Quis tibi tunc Dido cernenti talia fecit?*

*Cum littora fervore late
Pospiceres arce ex summa, totumque videres
Miseri ante oculos tantis clamoribus aequor.*

From Garret-window saw 'um row,
 And heard 'um crying *Eaß-ward* Hoe !
 (y) To see how love makes folks do things,
 Against the hair, against the shins !
 For she though full of indignation,
 To be forsaken in this fashion ;
 And had she known but how to get him,
 Could doubtless without salt have eat him :
 Yet n'ertheless, love over-ruling,
 (z) She fell again to her old puling ;
 And once more meant to try if pitty
 Would not recal him to the Ciry.

(y) *Improbe AMOR, quid non mortalia pectora cogis ?*

(z) *Ite iterum in lacrymas, iterum tentare precaudo*

Cogitur

Nequid inexpectum frustra moritura relinquat.

(a) Look

(a) Look thee' quoth she) where he (my Nancy)
Whose able parts I do much fancy,
Has trustt up all his tools together,
To carry 'um the Lord knowes whither.

(b) Hark how his rabble gange do shout,
And shove a stern to hasten out ;
A rout of base unthankful peasants !
The Devil cut their yelping weazens :
The bawling Rascals egge him on,
And make him madder to be gon.
Had I once dreamt the *Tearing* Devil
Could ever have been so uncivil,
Thus like a jade to break his teather ;
I should have kept my legs together :

(1) Anna, vides tota properavi lictore circum :

(b) ——— Vocat jam carbasus aurat,
Puppilus & lathi nautæ imposuere coronas.

Or have made bold t' have tide him faster,
 To the due limits of his pasture :
 (c) But since he holds me at this distance,
 I beg thy sisterly assistance :
 Thou knowest the temper of the block-head,
 And to a hair canst fit his pocket :
 Therefore (dear *Nancy*) I implore thee,
 If ere thou'ld do any thing for mee,
 (d) Run to the wharf with might and main,
 And try to bring him back again :
 I promise thee, and if I break
 My word ; pray *fove* I break my neck.

- (c) ——— *Soror mihi hæc tamen unum
 Exequere Anna mihi: solam nam perfidus ille
 Te calere, arcanos etiam tibi credere sensus.
 Sola viri molles aditus, & tempora noras.*
 (d) *I soror atque hostem supplex affare superbum.*

(e) If

(e) If thou canſt bring him to my bow,
I'll give thee for thy pains a Cow.
(f) Tell him I ere had more diſcretion,
Then to joyn iſſues with the Gracian:
I neither did meddle nor make,
But *as they brew'd, ſo let them bake:*
Nor did I ere make ſkittle-pin-bones,
Or bobbins of *Anchiſes* ſhin-bones:
Why ſhould he then without all ſence,
Thus uſe me like a Kitchen-wench?

(e) *Extremam hanc oro veniam (miſerere Sororis)*
Quam mihi cum dedeſis, cumulatam morte relinquam.
(f) *Non ego cum Danais Trojanam exſcindere gentem*
Aulide juraui, claſſemve ad Pergama miſi:
Nec patris Anchiſæ cineres, manuſve revelli.
Cur mea dicta negat duras demittere in aures?

(g) I

- (g) I would but beg one kindness from him ;
 (h) I will no more claim promise on him ;
 But only that he'll tarry here,
 Half or a quarter of a year ;
 Whereby I may, before he go,
 (i) Wean my self from a Bed-fellow :
 Or (if my constitution can,
 Not well subsist without a man)
 Until I can my self supply,
 With one to do my drudgery.
 I'll ask no further obligation,
 (k) But let him to his Navigation ;

(g) ———— *Extremum hoc misera det munus amanti.*

(h) *Non jam conjugium antiquum, quod prodidit, oro ;*
Tempus inane peto, requiem, spaciumque ————

(i) *Dum mea me victam doceat fortuna dolere.*

(k) *Nec pulchro ut Latio careat regnumque relinquat.*

He may to *Latium* then addreſs,
And ſwim, or ſink, all's one to *Beſs*.

(m) Scarce had the woful *Dido* done,
When *Nan* prepar'd her to be gone,
She tacks her coats about her hanches,
And to the waters ſide advances :
She tript ſo neatly to the Pyre ,
It would have done one good to ſee her :
One would have thought ſhe'd gone in haſt,
Midwife to fetch, ſhe went ſo faſt.
At laſt ſhe came unto the place
Where *Dido's* dear *Æneas* was ;
She found him ſit amongſt his mates,
The reſt o'th' *Trojan* runnagates,

(m) *Talibus orabat, taleſque miſerrima flatus*
Fertque refertque ſopor —————

Pufft like a foot-ball with vain glory,
 Roaring and drinking tory-lory;
 Like one that knew a pot i'th' pate,
 Would be a mile or two i'th' gate.

The Trojan had no sooner spide her,
 But though he could not well abide her,
 Yet cause he would part fairly with her,
 He askt what wind had blown her thither.

She putting finger in the eye,
 (As Women when they list can cry)
 Told him in what a sad condition,
 Her sister was: her last petition;
 And pray'd him as he was a true man,
 Not to undoe a proper Woman.

(n) But

(n) But she might e'en have sav'd her juice,
And kept her tears for better use.

(o) His resolution still opposes,
He would go spite of all their noses ;

(p) And like to hemp, which, as I take it,
The more you twist, you stronger make it :

Even so, the more she try'd to wind him,
She still more obstinate did find him.

(q) The *Dido* madder grew and madder,
No friend she had could now persuade her ;

(n) ——— Sed nullis ille movetur
Fletibus, aut voces ullas tractabilis audit.
——— Lachryme volumitur inanes.

(o) Fata obstant, &c. ———

(p) Ac veluti anasam valido cum robore quercum
Alpini Boyæ nunc hinc nunc flatibus illinc
Erueve inter se certant, &c. ———

Ipsa hæret scopulis, &c. ———
Hæret secus affidit hinc, atque hinc vocibus veras
Traditur ———

Mens immota manet ———
(q) Tum vero infelix satis exterrita Dido.

She

She stamp'd, and star'd, as she were wood,
 And in her melancholy mood,
 Calling to minde in wofull wise,
Aeneas and his treacheries,
 How often he had stab'd her Honor,
 That men would now make Ballads on her;
 She was resolv'd without delay,
 (r) Fairly to make her self away,
 And meant to put her resolution
 Into most tragick execution.

She had alas! too just incitement
 Thus to prefer her own Indictment;
 And reason good, by all relation,
 Thus to proceed to condemnation:

(r) *Mortem orat: tædet cæli convexa tueri,
 Quo magis inceptum peragas, luceque relinquat.*

(s) *Vidi
 Horrend.
 Fusaque
 Hoc visu*

For ſuch portents, and dire preſages,
As ſtill have been diſaſters pages,
Foretold her overthrow ſo plainly,
She ſaw t' oppoſe it would in vain be,
(s) She call'd to waſh, and do you think;
The water turn'd as black as Ink;
And that by chance being churning day,
Her cream moſt ſtrangely turn'd to whay;
This *Dido* ſaw, but would by no means
Tell her own Siſter of the omens,
But that which gave the moſt perſwaſion,
Unto her fell determination,

(s) *Vidit, thuribremis cum dona imponeret aris,
Horrendum dictu, laticeſ nigreſcere ſacros,
Fuſaque in obſcenum ſe vertere vina cuprent.
Hoc viſum nullis non ipſe effata ſorori.*

Was this : (t) she kept *Sichæus* bones
 In a great Coffer made o'rh' nonce,
 As sundry others have done the-like,
 By way of Superstitious Relicke,
 In a dark Cellar under ground,
 (u) From whence each night a dismal sound,
 Pierc't *Didos* tender ear, and wisht her,
 Nay like a husband admonisht her,
 To fit her for her latter end,
 For why he told her, as a friend,
 That in a very short space, she
 Should of this world, no woman be.

(u) Hinc exaudiui voces, & verba vocantis
 Visa vivi; non cum seipsum obscura tenebat.

(x) The

(x) The Scritch Owles too, were her molesters,
 Who still were chanting out their vespers; I
 (y) Besides she had her Fortune told her
 When 'bout some dozen or so, no older,
 That she should but one Husband have;
 And after that a scurvy Knave;
 Should steal her honour like a thief,
 And make her hang her self for grief;
 These sad portents falling so thick,
 And pat on one anothers neck,
 Put the poor Queen beside her senses,
 As a just plague for her offences,

(x) *Solaque culminibus ferati carmine bubo*
Sape queri

(y) *Multaque præterea datum prædicta priquam*
Terribili monitu horificat

(z) She dreams *Aeneas* now is going,
 Like a false friend to her undoing,
 And that she must when *Trojan* goes,
 For ever lose her play-fellowes,
 Which to a woman's cause sufficient,
 Let her be ne're so well condition'd,
 To raise her to extravagancies,
 When she must part with what she fancies.
 (a) Even as a bitch's fury up is,
 When people come to steal her puppies:

(z) ————— *Agit ipse furentem*
In somnis ferus Aeneas, semperque relinqui
Sola sibi, semper longam in-comitata videtur
Ive viam —————

(a) *Eumœnidum veluti demens videt agmina Pentheus,*
Aut Agamœninonius scenis agitur Orestes,
illa ita concepit furis —————

So far'd the wrathful Queen that day
When *Bilbo* must be tane away:
She was so much concern'd about him,
She could not, would not live without him:
But in her desperate resolutions,
(b) would hang her self to try conclusions.

The time and manner she projected,
And that she might not be suspected,
She smug'd her visage up with smiles,
And thus her Sister *Nan* beguils.

(c) *Nancy* (quoth she) I've found at last
A way, for all *Aneas* hast;

(b) *Decrevitque mori, tempus secum ipsa modumque
Exigit, & massem dictis aggressa sororem,
Consilium vultu tegit, ac spem fronte serenat.*

(c) *Inveni germana viam (gratate so ori)
Quæ mihi reddat eum,*

Vel co me solus amantem.

If thou in the exploit wilt joyn,
 Shall pay him back in his own coin,
 And bring him back by our contriving,
 Since he's so goodly, Dead, or living,
 Seeing the Rogue my love disgraces,
 I'll spoil his sport in other places.

(d) A mile from hence, or such a space,
 Down in a bottom lies a place,
 Farr out of all high-ways and roads,
 Where nothing breeds, but Frogs and Toads,
 Snakes, Adders, and such wicked vermin,
 That (can they catch 'em) will not spare men:

(d) *Oceani finem juxta, solemque cadentem,
 ultimus Æthiopum locus est; ubi maximus Atlas
 axem humero torquet,*

There

There in a Cave lies an old (e) wretch,
An ugly rotten toothless witch,
So old that one would think she were,
The eldest Devils Grand-mother.

(f) Now this old Beldame can do wonders,
If she but say the word it Thunders,
Lightens, or Rains, or Hails, or Snows,
Or any weather you'll suppose.
She'll make a Cowle-staffe, by her spelling,
Amble like any double Gelding;

(e) *Hinc mihi Mætylæ gentis monstrata sacerdos,
Hesperidum templi custos; epulasque draconi
Quæ dabat,*

Spargens humida mella, soporiferumque papaver.

(f) *Hæc se carminibus pronitit solvere mentes*

Quis velit; ast aliis duras immittere curas:

Sistere equam fluctis, & vertere sidera retro;

Nocturnasque ciet manes; mugire videbis

Sub pedibus terram, & descendere montibus oras.

And in the dead of night the base-hag
Can of a cudgel make a race-Nag :
A Walnut she to Sea can rig out,
And of an Egg-shell make a Friggot ;
Nay in a thimble stemme the flood,
Provide the thimble be of wood.
She can, where she does owe a spite,
Spoil any Bride-groom's wedding-night,
And the Brides longing disappoint,
By vertue of a Cod-piece-point.
She can make people love or hate,
Ev'n whom she please, and at what rate ;
And by her Magick, and her Spells,
Make folks, or hang, or drown themselves.
In short, there's nothing that has ill in't,
But she has admirable skill in't ;

And

And does her mischiefs too as quick,
As any Jugler does a trick;
(g) I take the Gods to witness Sister,
I'me led into this course sinister,
Out of no end men wicked call;
But only for revenge, that's all,
And since I am so basely crost,
I'll have this Hag, or it shall cost
More then I'll speak of; the perchance
May lead my Trojan such a dance,
Shall make him glad as fast as may be,
To come again, and cry *percevi*;
Or make him hang himself at least,
For an example to the rest

(e) *Testor chara, deas, & te germina, tumque*
Dulce ca, ut, magicas inuitam accingier artes.

O'th'

O'th' tribe of false dissembling Yeomen,
 That take a pride to ruin Women :
 And by good luck she's now hard by here,
 Come not an hour ago to Tyre,
 Sent for it seems about no ill deed,
 To bless a Sow that lies in Child-bed,
 And I'll go fetch her by her favour
 With a *Sub-panna*, but I'll have her.
 (h) In the mean time; go thou and tie
 Fast to the great beam, where I lie,
 The best new haken thou canst choose,
 And make a dainty running noose;
 Like that fell to the fellow's share,
 That made a Woman of a Mare.

(h) *Tu secreta pyram tectis interiore sub anas*
Erige:

(i) Then

(1) Then take me out ~~the~~ *his* payment,
 All I have left in part of payment :
 His greafe doublet, and his trowſes,
 Where many a wandering *Trojan* loafe is :
 The treasure he has left behind him,
 In the great ſtanding Preſs, you'll find 'um :
 Suffe me 'um up with ſtraw or litter,
 The worſe the ſtuffing is, the fitter :
 And ramme the tatters with a vengeance,
 As people uſe to ramme their Engines ;
 Make haſte, and do as I have bid ye ;
 Ile hang the Rascal in Effigie :

(1) ——— *Et arma viri, thalamo que fixa reliquit*
Imius, exuſasque omnes, lectumque iugalem,
Quo perii, ſuperimponas : ———

So

So I'me advis'd to do, and so
 (k) I mean to serve him, if I blow;
 Which, though I cannot wreak my teen, it
 Will stay the stomach of my Spleen yet.

(l) Thus having said, the Queen chang'd
 No Ghost cold e're look pittifuller. (colour
 One would have thought by her dejection,
 And by her woful wan complexion,
 She had been going just o'th' suddain,
 To drop, and give the Crow a pudding.

(m) Nancy (although she saw the Queen
 Ready to burst her hoops for teen)

(k) ——— Abolere nefandi
 Cuncta viri monumenta iubet monstra: que sacerdos.

(l) Hæc effata flet; pallor simul occupat ora.

(m) Non tamen Anna novis p'ætexere funera sacris
 Germanam credit: neq' tantos mente furor'es
 Concipit, aut graviora timet. ———

And well enough mark't how ſhe look't too,
 Yet by her fine pretence was rook't ſo,
 She did no further on't conſider,
 (n) But went about what ſhe had bid her;
 Dreaming no more, than her laſt Even,
 Dido had been ſo lewdly given,
 Away therefore my laſs doeſt trot,
 And preſently an halter got,
 Made of the beſt ſtrong hempen teere,
 And ere a Cat could lick her eare,
 Had tide it up with as much art,
 As *Donne* himſelf could do for's heart:
 The rope, and ſay't was got o'th' ſuddaine,
 Did prove ſo prime a ſpecial good one,

(n) *Ergo juſta Parat.*

That with fair usage it might come,
 To hang up *Carthage* all and some.
 The *Trojans* doublet she had fill'd so,
 'Twas very strange the buttons held so;
 And that the cramming of his breeches
 Had not quite broken out the stitches;
 His very stockings, though they were
 About the feet out of repair;
 Yet she made shift to stuff each start-up,
 And tie 'um to the rest on's wardrobe;
 Having thus brac'd him like a Drumme,
 She laid him out in *Dido's* room;
 (c) Display'd upon a fair long board,
 Ready when *Dido* gave the word

(c) ———— *Exuvias, easque reliquit,*
Effigiemque toro locat, ————

To be
 With
 Scar
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 (p) L
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(p) Sta

To be advanc't into the halter,
Without the benefit on's Plaker.

Scarce had ſhe thus dispos'd her trinkets,
When up the ſtaires behold the Queen comes,
(p) Lading along th' old rotten Grammer,
Into her Highneſs matted Chamber.

When ſhe was come, and ſaw the portly
Trophy in that moſt noble ſort lye,
As ſhe oft times had ſeen the ſinner
Lie gorg'd on benches after dinner :
She fell again into a paſſion
Caus'd by a ſweet commemoration
Of paſt delights, ſeeing thoſe breeches,
And humbly the old Gib beſeeches

(p) *Stant aua circum, & crines effuſa facerdos.*

To shew her utmost skill and cunning,
To keep her *Trojan* dear from running.

The mumbling Witch bad her not fear,
But rest content, and of good cheer,
And she should see she'd make him stay,
Or foul her Art should say her nay.

(q) With that the Hag began her charm,
You would have thought shee'd had a swarm
Of Wasps, or Hornets in her throat,
There came so strange a humming out:
And as she spoke, her hollow chaps
Bound up in two thin shrivell'd flaps
Of old abominable leather,
Like bellows heav'd and clapt together.

(q) *Ter centum tonat ore Deos, Erebumque, Chaosque,
Tergeminamque Hecaten, tria virgine ora Dianæ.*

He

Her little eyes being fiery red,
 Were sunk so far into her head,
 They lookt, when most she star'd at full,
 Like farthing Candles in a Scull,
 Her nose hung like an arch between
 Her wrinkled fore-head and her chin;
 A craggy passage, and uncouth,
 Over the dreadful gulf, her mouth,
 And Elf-locks hung so, on each shoulder,
 'Twould make one tremble to behold her,

This Witch a ribble-row rehearſes,
 Offſcurvy names in ſcurvy verſes,
 Which by the manner of her mouthing,
 Was certainly *Burleſq*; or nothing.
 And in theſe rhythms as round ſhe limps,
 Calls her Familiars and her Imps,

H

(f) Sprins

(r) Sprinkling the Chamber in her motion
 With a tepid brackish lotion,
 For ought I know, of her own making,
 By her much stirring, and pains taking.
 (f) A red-heart breaker next she mow'd off,
 A wart that *Dido* was full proud of,
 And burnt it for a strong perfume,
 And pow'rful spell to make him come,
 Then hand in hand to dance they fall,
 A grave and solemn Magick bawl,
 In such hard figures none could tread um,
 But the old hobling hag that led um.
 Poor *Dido* too alas! made one,
 Although her dancing dayes were done.

(r) *Sparserat, & latices simulatos fontis Averni:*

(f) *Quæritur & nascentis equi de fronte revulsus
 Et matris præceptus amor.*

And though oppress'd with woe, and care; cut
 Capers, and Tricotee'd it (t) barefoot;
 (u) Imploring all the Dèities;
 At every step, both he's; and she's;
 To turn *Aeneas* back; and make him
 Follow the work he'd undertaken;
 Or if he would not turn, t' afford
 The Grace to turn him over-board:
 Thus to her footing the poor Jade;
 Out of all measure curs'd and pray'd.
 Against her Love had so offended,
 Till dance and charm together ended.

(t) *sinum exuta pedem vinclis* ———
Testaturque Deus. ———

(u) ——— *Tum si quod non aequo fundero amantem*
Cura numen habet; justumque impioque precatur.

(x) 'Twas now the time when candles are
 Repriv'd by the Extinguisher ;
 When every thing to sleep down lies,
 Dogs in their Kennels, Hogs in Sties ;
 And men and women rest their heads
 And heels, on flocks, or feather-beds,
 Now men, and fishes, birds, and beast,
 And every thing was laid to rest ;
 (y) All but the woful Queen (alafs !)
 Who now was brought unto that pass,

(x) *Nox erat & placidum carpebant fessa soporem
 Corpora per terras, silvaeque & seva quierant
 Equora*

*Cum tacet omnis ager, pecudes, pictaeque volucres,
 Quaeque lacus late liquidos, quaeque aspera dumis
 Rura tenent, somno posita sub nocte silentii
 Lenibant curas.*

(y) *At non infelix animi Phœaissa: nec unquam
 Solvitur in somnos, oculisque aut pectore noctem
 Accipit:*

What

What with her love, and what with spight,
She could not sleep one wink all night.
Her stomach now was piping hot,
(2) It boyl'd and bubbled like a pot,
And did so strong a wambling keep,
She fitter was to spew then sleep.

Have you not seen an Animal
Yclep't an horse when in his stall,
The Botts, that terrible disease,
Doth on his tender bowels seize,
What groans he fetches, and what pranks
He rowling playes upon the planks:
So *Dido* crost in her amours,
Tumbled away her sleeping hours.

(2) ————— *Magaque ivarum fluctuat aestu.*

Now on her back, and in such fashion,
 As if she lay for consolation,
 Now on her belly, now her side,
 All postures, and all wayes she tri'd;
 But all in vain, nothing would do,
 (a) Her heart was so oppress'd with wo,
 And love within her did so rumble,
 Shee could do nought but tosse, and tumble,
 At last in midst of agitation,
 (b) She thus brake out into a passion; (thee
 Which way poor *Dido* should thou turn
 Whil'st cruel love, do's thus heart burn thee;

(a) ————— *Ingemant curae, rursusque resurgens*
Sevit amor. —————

(b) *Vic advo insilii, secumque ita corde volutar,*
Et quid agam? —————

Thou

Thou hast of hope not one poor spark left ;
Th'ast brought thy hogs to a fair Market.

Not one poor Dram of consolation,
O woman vile in desperation !
What shall I do in this condition,
To keep me from the Worlds derision ?

(c) Shall I invite to be my spouse ,
Some one I have forbid my house ?
Some saucie, proud *New-Indian* Jack,
And humbly beg of him to take

(d) *Aneas* leavings, or like Trull here,
Run away basely with this Sculler.

(c) ——— *Rursusne procos irrisu priores
Esperiar ? Nomadumque petam consilia supplicx,
Quos ego jam toties jam de dignita maritos ?*

(d) *Iliacas igitur classes atque ultima Teucrum
fussa sequar ?* ———

——— *Sola fuga nantas comitabor ovantes ;*

(e) Or shall I raise the Town in swarms,
And bring him back by force of arms !

Alas ! I fear it is no boot !

Fowl means will never bring him to't.

(f) No, No, I'll die ! this halter yet,
When all trades fail, shall do the feat.

(g) Ah, Sister, sister ! had'st not thou,
Play'd Mistress *Quicklies* office so,
And sooth'd me up till I grew jolly,
I never had committed folly :

No, had I made the least resistance,
And kept the saucy Knave at distance,

(e) *An Tyriis omni que manu stipata meorum
Insequar ?* —

(f) *Quin morere, ut merita es : ferroque avertente dolorem.*

(g) ——— *Tu prima furentem
His germana malis oneras,* ———

Imig

And

(h)

Nan

(i) V

Ne'r

He h

Lay

(k)

(l) M

(h) T

(i) A

Carpel

(k) H

Obuli

Omnia

(l) —

Nate

I might have us'd him as my liſt,
And ne'r been brought to had I wiſt.

(h) Thus lay the wretched Queen debating,
Now, Fortune, and her Lover rating.

(i) Whileſt he Drum-ful with his Potation,
Ne'r dreaming on the doleful paſſion,
He had moſt vilely left his drab in,
Lay drunk and ſnoring in his Cabbie,

(k) But Merc'ry though he ſlept profoundly,
(l) Made bold to beat up's Quarters roundly,

(h) *Tantos illa ſuo rumebat pectore quaſtus.*

(i) *Aeneas celfa in puppi* _____

carpebat ſomnos _____

(k) *Huic ſc forma Dei* _____

Obtulit in ſomnis _____

Omnia Mercurio ſimilis _____

(l) _____ *rurſuſque ita viſa monere eſt.*

Nate Dea _____

And

And thus 'gan rattle him: Thou lousie,
 Mangie, careless, drunken, drowfie
 Coxcomb; how oft must I be sent
 Hither from Jove to complement
 Your worship to a reverent care,
 Of the young Bastard here, your heir?
 Whilest fast thou ly'st tipled, or tipling;
 Nor car'st what danger the poor stripling
 Lies open to. (m) Y'ad best snore on,
 Somebody will be here anon:
 Take to'ther nap! Do! till the Queen come,
 She'l reckon with you for your in-come.

(m) ——— potes hoc sub-casu ducere fomus?
 Nec quæ circumstent te deinde pericula cernis
 Demens? ———
 Illa dolos ——— in pectore versat.

She'l rowse ye faith! And Goodman Lercher)
 'Tis ten to one, with a good stretcher
 About your ears: Therefore my loving
 Acquaintance, you were best be (n) moving.
 Upon my word th' advice is wholsom,
 Stay not untill that angry soul come:
 For if thou dost, mark what I say,
 And be'ft not gone before't be day,
 (o) If *Carthage* been't about your ears,
 As soon as ever day appears,
 And do not thrash you back and side,
 Far worse then *Agamemnon* did,

(n) Non fugis hinc preceptum dum precipitare potestas.

Eia age, rumpe moras.

(o) Jam mare turbavi trabibus, sevasque videbis

cellucere faces, &c.

Sic te his atigerit terris aurore m. r. m. em.

Those

Those of your woman-stealing rabble.
 Give me but six pence, if thou'rt able,
 And here's my hand, I do not sport,
 I'll give thee twenty shillings for't.

(p) Thus having said, away he flies,
 Ere Toss-pot could unglew his eyes,
 Which were so cemented in that case,
 The Page was got as far as *Atlas*,
 Back on his way e're he could free'um,
 From gowl and matter, fit to see him:
 But having streakt, and yawn'd a while,
 Snorted, and kept the usual coil
 That Drunkards use in such like cases,
 And made some dozen Devils faces:

(P) ———, *Sic fatus nollis se immiscuit aræ.*

(q) *Tam
Corripis*

At last he got his eyes unglew'd
 Into a pretty magnitude.
 He star'd about to spie the Vision
 Had giv'n that courteous admonition :
 But 'twas so dark, as well it might,
 Being 'twixt twelve and one at night;
 That had the nimble Currier
 In kindness staid his leisure there,
 Though clad in *Fallstaffs Kendal Green*,
 He coulc not possibly be seen.

(q) *Aeneas* troubled herewithal,
 Seeing he could not see at all,
 Starts from the tilt where he had layn,
 And calls upon his mates amain.

(q) Tum vero *Aeneas* fabilis exterritus umbris
 Corripit e somno corpus, sociosque fatigas.

(r) Rise Sirs (quoth he) and look about ye,
 (f) I've had from *Jove* another how-dee,
 His man was here, and calls to go still,
 His sweary pumps are in my nose still.
 He swears and offer'd to lay odds on't,
 And if he say't, he lay my ——— on't:
 That if we do not leave the Dock,
 And get us hence by four a Clock,
 We shall be murder'd if we were
 Ten times as many as we are.
 Therefore I think it not amiss for's
 To lanch, for there are rods in pifs for's.

(r) *Præcipientes vigilate viri,*
 (f) ——— *Deus æthere missus ab alto;*
Festinare fugam, tortosque incidere funes
Ecce iterum stimulat: ———

Let us
 Till we
 Then
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 (t) An
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 (n) If
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 (x) Fo
 And a
 Cut th

(t) ———
 Quisquis
 (n) Adf
 Dextra
 (s) ———
 fulmine

Let

Let us but ply our Oars like tall men,
Till we be got clear out of all ken,
Then if they have a mind to lace us,
Let *Carthage* if they can come trace us.
(t) And thou (O *Jove*, top of my kind,)
Who hitherto so kind hast been,
(u) If now thou stick, and do not fail's,
Let *Dido* whistle in our tails.

Thus having spoken, and thus pray'd,
(x) Forthwith he drew his doughty blade,
And at one slash to all mens wonder,
Cut the Boats triple cord asunder.

(t) ——— Sequimur te sancte, deorum

Quisquis es. ———

(u) Adfús, & placidusque juves & sydera celo

Dextra seras! ———

(x) ——— Dixit, vaginaque eripit onsem

fulmineum, strigloque ferit retinacula ferro.

(y) At

Let (a)

(y) At which the Gang, spur'd by so ample,
 So mighty and renown'd example,
 Cut all the rest; nor staying brooks,
 But let the Devil take the hooks,
 And shipping Oars to work they fall,
 Like men that row'd for good and all.
 Had it been day, no doubt one might
 Have then beheld a gallant sight.
 Neptune's great whiskers had not been
 So nearly (z) brush'd as they were then
 Of many a year: Crabs that did nest
 Full deep therein, could take no rest:

(y) *Idem omnes simul ardor habet* —————
 ————— *rapinaeque rursusque,*
Littora deseruere —————
 (z) ————— *ex caecula verrum.*

(a) They

(a) They lather'd him in the great Buſon
So admirably well that *Jaſon*,
Although he ſhav'd the golden fleece,
Ne're waſht him half ſo well as theſe.

(b) *Aurora* now, who I muſt tell ye,
Was gript with dolours in her belly,
Starts from her couch, and o're her head
Slipping on petticoat of red,
Forth of the morning doors ſhe goes,
In haſty wiſe, to pluck a Roſe,
When *Dido*, who was broad awake,
Hearing the ruſty hinges creak,
Ran to her (c) peeping hole to ſpy,
What was become o'th' *Trojanry*.

(a) *Adnixi torquent ſpumas.*

(b) *Et jam prima auro (pergebat lumine terras
Tiboni croceum linquens Aurora cubile.*

(c) *Regina è ſpeculuſ ut primum albeſcere lucem.*

But our alafs ! (d) The Devil a sail
 Was left i'th' port ; bare as my nail
 The Dock was stript ; whilst far from shore
 They row'd, as they ne'r row'd before.
 At which sad sight, in wrath (God blefs us !
 (e) Tearing her dainty yellow tresses,
 She sighing said, Was ever seen
 So pitiful an undone Queen !
 And shall this filthy Trojan Royfter
 Undo, as one would do an Oyfter,
 Poor *Dido* thus, and run away,
 Maugre what I can do or say !

(d) *Vidit & aequis classem procedere velis,
 Littoraque & vacuos sensit sine remige portus.*

(e) *Flaventesque abscissa comas ; Proh ! Jupiter ! ibi
 Mis ait, & nostris illuferis advena regnis ?*

Hey

Hey, how the treach'rous wenching knave
 Bounces, and vaults from wave to wave;
 As he were making Ducks and Drakes,
 With Wherries upon Neptunes lakes;
 The Devil sure farts in his poop,
 And puffs his kicking Sculler up;
 Or else some durty Suburb drab
 Has helpt the Rascal to a clap,
 And sent a running-Nag to Sea,
 He could not else make so much way.
 (f) Cannot I burn, nor sink their floats,
 A lousie fleet of rotten boats!
 Yes I'me a Queen, to see my people;
 Let none remember he's a Cripple:

(f) *Non arma expediens? totaque ex urbe sequemur?*
 ite;

Ferte citi flammam, date vela, impellite remos.

But run, and row, sound, and unsound,
 And those you kill not, bring home bound !
 (g) But tarry goody Magistrate,
 Your big commands come now too late.
 Poor *Dido*, sorrow makes thee giddy,
 They'r got to Sea five Leagues already,
 (h) Queen thou art mortal, and must die
 A sacrifice to Letchery.
 Time was thou might'st have something done,
 But now farewell Dominion.
 (i) This was your huffing *Trojan* Captain,
 That his fair Mothers smock was lapt in.

(g) *Quid loquor ? aut ubi sum ? quæ mentem insania mutat ?
 Infelix Dido !*

(h) *Nunc te facta impia tangunt ;
 Tum decuit, cum sceptrum dabas.*

(i) *En dextra fidesque ;
 Quem secum patrios ajunt portare Penatos ,
 Quem subiisse humeris confectum atate parentem.*

Of twenty *Greeks*, this was the *Cob*,
 And brought his Gods away in's Phoby,
 And through the fire a pick a pack,
 Bore the old sinner on his back,
 Bed-rid *Anchises*; this was he
 Made the brave voyage o're the sea.
 This was your trusty *Trojan*, this :
 Now he shows what a man he is !
 (k) Whilst he was here, why did I not
 Cut the false Rogues devouring throat ;
 (l) Or of his bastard make a Pye,
 And being bak'd in paste of Rye ,

(k) *Non potui abreptam divellere corpus; & undiq;
 Spargere ?*

(l) *Non ipsum absolvere fetto
 Africanum;*

(m) Make the good trencher-man his nasty
Sire, eat his brat for Munon-pasty!

Why did I not, ere this disgrace,
Kill him, and all his treacherous (n) race?

I then had dy'd reveng'd, where I
Shall now depart most sneakingly.

(o) Thou *Sol*, who did'st in pimping sort,
Because thou would'st not spoil our sport,

Creep into clouds, thar rainy weather:
And you that brought young folks together,

(p) Procurest *Juno*, *Jove* and all
Ye members of *Olympus* hall,

(m) ——— Patriisque epulandum apponere mensis?

(n) ——— Natumque patremque

Com genere extinxem; memet super ipsa dedissem.

(o) *Sol*, qui terrarum flammis opera amara iustas;

(p) Tuque harum interpres curarum, & conscia *Juno*,

Nocturnisque *Hecate* ———

Et dira *ultrices*, &c. ———

I charge

I charge ye, as y' are folks of fashion,
 Grant this my latest (q) supplication.
 If nothing can this Rogue withstand;
 But that he must get safe to (r) land,
 Let it be such a land as he
 Had better farr upon the sea,
 Withall his com-rogues have been drown'd;
 Than such a wretched place have found.
 May he, where he expects his Leases,
 Nere know what such a thing as Peace is;
 (s) But be drub'd dayly back and side
 Till his bones rattle in his hide.

(q) ———— *Nostris audite preces* ————

(r) ———— *Sì tangere portus*

Infandum caput, ac terris adire necesse est.

(s) ———— *Bello audacis populi vexatus, & armis,*

Filibus extorris ————

May he ne're sleep an hour in quiet,
 But be disturb'd with rout and riot;
 Black be his dayes, and may his nights
 Swarm with Hob-Goblins, Ghosts, and Sprites;
 May strangers daunt him with Bravado's
 (t) And Spirits son to the Barbado's:
 May he at last fall worse then Sea-sick,
 And find no Quack to give him Physick:
 (u) No help for money, or for love found;
 But let him lie, and rot above ground.
 May none give house-room to the Mungril;
 But let him perish on some (x) Dung-hill.

(t) _____ *Complexu avulsus lili,*

(u) *Auxilium imploret* _____

(x) _____ *Videatque suorum*

Funera _____

_____ *Mediaque inhumatus aena.*

And when his treach'rous soul's departed,
Let his foul Carcass be deserted,
As Traitors quarters, men expose,
To Hogs, and Dogs, and Kites, and Crows:

(y) This my last pray'r is, hear it then,
I shall ne're trouble you agen.

And be't your care ye *Tyrian* (z) Nation,
To plague this wicked generation.

Kill 'um like rats, that I may have
Heapes of the Rogues pil'd o're my grave :

(a) And may those children that are yet
To bear, and those that are to get,

(y) *Hæc precor ; hæc vocem extremam — fundo.*

(z) *Tum vos & Tyrii, stirpem & genus omne futurum
Exercete odiis, cinerique hæc mittite nostro
Munera* — — — — —

(a) — — — — — *Pugnent ipsique nepotes;
Exoriare aliquis nostris ex ossibus ultor.*

— — — — — *Nullus amor populis, nec fœdera sunto.*

Torment them still by land and water,
 And still may those that follow after,
 Hate worse and worse, that so it fall,
 The last may hate them worst of all.

(b) This said, she let a groan, and sigh'd
 A doleful sigh, that prophecy'd
 Her thread was spun, and that the *Parca*
 Would shortly cut it without mercy.

(c) In mind she weigh'd, as she sat crying,
 What kind of Death was best to die in.
 Poyson she thought would not be quick,
 And which was worse, would make her sick.
 That being therefore wav'd, she thought,
 That neatly cutting her own throat,

(b) *Hæc ait*

(c) *Et partes animum versabat in omnes;
 Invisam quærens quamprimum abruptive locum.*

Might

Might serve to do her business for her,
But that she thought upon with horror,
Because 'twould hurt her; neither could,
She well endure to see her blood.
The next came in her thoughts was drowning,
That way she thought 'twould be a done thing,
Soon, and with some delight; for why
Sorrow had made her Grace adry.
But then again she fell a thinking,
She should be something long a sinking,
Having been ever light of members,
And to dissuade her more, remembers,
'Twould spoil the cloaths might do some one
Credit, when she was dead and gone.

On these mature deliberations,
Shee lik'd none of these dying fashions:

But

But looking up, and seeing the Rope
 Ty'd to the beam i'th' Chamber top,
 With neat alluring Noose, her sick-Grace
 E'en long'd to wear it for a Neck-lace :
 And in that circle in conclusion,
 She prick'd the point of resolution.
 (d) But an old woman being by her,
 One of her chattels brought from Tyre,
 An ancient heir-loom to the Queen,
 'Cause she her husbands nurse had been :
 She meant to send her first away,
 On sleeveless errand (as we say,)
 That she might have her swing alone,
 To do her execution.

(d) *Tum breviter Barea nutricem affata Sishai.*

(e) *Cicely*

(c) *Cicely* (quoth she) go to my Sister,
 Bid her tie up her head, and wash her
 To wash her hands in Bran, or Flower,
 And do you in like manner scoure
 Your dirty Golls; for I intend to
 Make a good Cheefe, and for a friend too,
 O'th' mornings milk; let it be her care
 To take the great Brass-pan i'th' Larder,
 And file the milk into't: and hear ye,
 Take you the large Cheefe-fat i'th' Dayry,
 And scoure it clean with sand; bid *Fome* too
 Get on the pot, that she may come too,
 And when the Cheefe is come, but brake it,
 And call: for I'll come help to make it.

(c) *Annam chara mihi autrix huc siste sororem;
 Dic corpus properet fluviali spargere lymphis,
 ——— Tuque ipsa pia tegeret tempora vitæ.*

(f) The

(f) The hobling Trot limps down the stairs,
 And now the desp'rate Queen prepares;
 (g) Although her woful heart did paele,
 To make her self a sad example.
 (h) Towards the fatal string she moves
 With tardy pace, as it behoves
 Those who by *Nicholas* led astray,
 Wilfully make themselves away.
 When she came underneath the halter,
 The colour in her face did alter;
 Whilst down her cheeks round liquor rowls,
 As if her eyes had been at Bowls.

(f) ——— *illa gradum studio celerabat anili.*
 (g) *Es trepida* ——— & *pallida morte futura.*
 (h) *Intiora domus irrumpis limina, & altos*
Conscendit furibunda vogos ———
 ——— *Paulum lacrymis & mente morata.*

First she beholds with trickling eies,
 (i) *Aeneas* his most dear disguise:
 And as the Trowles she survey'd,
 Reflecting how she'ad been betray'd;
 Sighing cry'd out, (k) Oh ! thou who wert,
 The joy and comfort of my heart,
 Whilst casket to my dearest Jewel;
 But since the Fates have been so cruel,
 My grief, and shame, farewell for ever;
 And here I prophesie, that never,
 VVhoever may hereafter wear thee,
 Shall mortal *Bilbo* ere come near thee,

(i) *Hic postquam Iliacas vestes, notaque cubile*
conspexit.

(k) *Dulces exuvia, dum fata, Deusque fuebant.*
Dixitque novissima verba.

Farewel

Farewel, my latest leave I take,
And kiss the Case for Ho-boys sake.

Thus having said, she mounts the table,
Because though tall, she was not able
To reach the halter, that must tie
Her fast to doleful destinie :
And having like too apt a Scholler,
Thrust her plump neck into the collar,
As 'tis, you know, the hanging fashion,
She thus began her last Oration :

(1) That I have liv'd (quoth she) and how,
I doubt (alafs !) too many know ;
But that I now will die, is known
To no one but my self alone,

(1) *VIXI, & quem dederat cui sum fortuna, peregi.*

And if I Nature's debt do pay,
 And hang my self before my day;
 The censuring world can say but this,
 That I'm the better pay mistress;
 And though I die a death, they say,
 Makes sufferers themselves bewray
 And die unclearly corpses; yet I
 Shall leave, although I purging die,
 And go out strong as Candle-snuff,
 A fame shall favour sweet enough.
 (m) For murder'd spouse I've made amends yet
 As far as stealing could revenge it,
 And make *Pygmalion* that undid us,
 Pay sauce for making people widows.

(m) urbem praeclaram statui, meam mania vidi;
 ultra virum pœnas inimico à frat. e recepi.

And at my proper cost and charges
 A Village built, which for its largeness,
 (n) In a few years, might well have grown
 To be a pretty Market-town,
 Had not this *Trojan* varlet come
 T'undo what all my care had done.

Then (going to turn off) (o) But must
 I go (quoth she) and is it just,
 I die like Felon vile or Traytor?
 Sans vengeance on this Fornicator.
 (p) And whilst the Stallion proudly stalks it,
 Must I be thus hang'd up for Hawks-meat?

(n) *Felix, heu nimium felix, si litora tantum
 Nunquam Dardanizæ tetigissem nostræ u. cavina!*

(o) *Sed moriamur ait; sic, sic juvat ire sub umbras.*

(p) *Hauriat hunc oculis ignem crudelis ab alto
 Dardanus, et nostræ secum serat omnia mortis.*

Yes die, as 'twas foretold three long ſince,
If but to trouble the knaves conſcience :
Then 'cauſe ſhe would to part the ſweeter,
A portion of *Hopkins* meeter ;
As people uſe at execution,
For the decorum of concluſion,
Being too ſad to ſing, ſhe ſayes

Which with a grace like his that pen'd it,
To her great comfort, being ended,
And ceremonies now compleat,
Proceeding to the final feat,
Thus, thus (quoth ſhe) to ſhades of night
I go, and thus I take my flight.

(q) With that she from the table swong,
 And happy 'twas the rope was strong
 Enough, in such a swing to stop her,
 Her Grace might else have broke her crupper.
 (r) So have I seen in Forrest tall,
 From friendly cup the Acorn fall,
 And Bully tumble from the tree,
 As ripe for hanging ; Down fell she.
 She capr'd twice, or thrice, most finely ;
 But th' Rope imbrac'd her neck so kindly :
 Till at the last, in mortal trance,
 She did conclude the dismal dance.
 A yellow aromatick matter
 Dropt from her heels, commixt with water,

(q) *Dixitque : atque illam media inter talia.* ———

(r) *Non aliter quam si immissis ruat hostibus omnis*
Carthago. ———

Which

Which sinking through the Chamber floor,
 (s) Set all the house in sad uproar.
 All at the first that they amiss thought,
 Was that her Grace had mist the piss-pot :
 But when the stairs they had ascended,
 And saw her Majesty suspended,
 The servants frighted past their senses,
 Tumbled o're Buffers, Forms, and Benches,
 And ran to all the near abidings,
 With open cry to tell the tidings.
 (t) Even like unto the dismal yowl,
 When tristfull Dogs at midnight howl :

(s) ————— *It clamor ad alta
 Atria ; concussam bacchatur fama per urbem.*
 (t) *Lamentis, gemituque, & sarmineo ululatu
 Testa fremunt, resonat magnis plangoribus aethy:
 Non aliter quam si, &c.* —————

Or like the Dirges that through nose
 Humme out to daunt their *Pagan* foes,
 When holy Round-heads go to battle,
 With such a yell did *Carthage* rattle.

(u) At the first news poor *Nancy* skreeks,
 And tearing hair, and scratching cheeks,
 Ran up the stairs, and like a fell-shrow,
 Made all that stopt her, feel her elbow :
 Till having jostled all opposers,
 And thrust some twenty on their noses ;
 At last the place she set her feet on,
 Where *Dido* hung to dry, or sweeten.

(u) *Audiit exanimis, trepidoque exterrita cursu,
 Magnibus ora sonoy sedans, & pectora pugnis,
 Per medios iuit.* — — — —

(x) Was

(x) Was it for this ah ! ſiſter, ſiſter !
 That I was ſent to Gaſſer-Twiſter
 To buy a Rope ; (y) was this (quoſh ſhe)
 Your fine device to cozen me ?
 Could none a halter elſe prepare ye,
 But I muſt be made acceſſary !
 Why knew I not thy dire intent, as
 I ſtill thy chiefeſt confident was !
 (z) What didſt thou know, but kindly I
 Might e'en have hang'd for company :
 But in thy ruin, I and all
 Thy people ſuffer, great and ſmall.

(x) *Hoc illud germana fuit ?* —————
 (y) ————— *Me fraude petebas ?*
Hoc rogus iſte mihi, hoc ignes atæque parabant ?
 (z) ————— *Comitem me ſororem*
Spreviſti moriens ? eadem me ad ſata vocaſſes :
Idem ambas ferro doloꝝ, &c. —————

And in this wilful woman-slaughter,
 (a) Th'ast hang'd up *Carthage*, son & daughter.
 (b) But stay, methinks I am not hasty,
 To close those eyes that stare so gaskly.
 (c) Which said, her buttocks on the board
 She fos'd, that all the Chamber roar'd,
 And being active Laps and light,
 At one jump more stood bolt upright,
 (d) Thrice in her arms did *Nancy* catch her,
 Thrice thump't her bosome to dispatch her.
 And thrice her latest breath did roar,
 In hollow sound, at postern door.

(a) *Extincti te, meque, soror, populumque, patresque
 Sidonios, urbemque tuam; date vulnera lymphis,*

(b) *Albani* _____

(c) _____ *Sic fata, gradus evaserat altos,*

(d) *Sed qui nemque sinu germanam amplexa fovebat
 Cum gemitu, &c.* _____

Ter sese attollens _____

Ter revoluta toro est _____

(e) Then

(e) Then ~~Juno~~ who had ever been
 As 'twere sworn sister to the Queen :
 Hearing the lamentable cries,
 That from her Village pierc'd the skies,
 Down towards Carthage bent her looks,
 Where seeing all things off the hooks,
 And ~~Dido~~ in unseemly sort,
 Hang dangling there, being sorry for't,
 (f) And loth a Queen in hempen tackle,
 Should to *Plebeians* be spectacle ;
 She call'd a little Emiffary,
 That us'd her Embassies to carry,
 One Mistriss *Iris* : A main pretty,
 Nimble house-wife, yes and a witty,

(e) *Tum Juno* —————
 (f) ————— *longum miserata dolorem.*

One that if bidden once, would do't,
 And had the length of *Juno's* foot
 So right, that for her parts and feature,
 She was become her Mistress creature.
 This gille was born (as Poets hint to's,)
 At a small Hamblet near *Olympus*.
 And though by birth a Dyers daughter,
 Yet had her friends full well up-brought her,
 And because *Juno* gave great wages,
 Preferr'd her thither for a Pageess.

Her *Juno* call'd away from starching,
 And big with tears, bid her be marching,
 (g) Put on her wings, and swiftly clip it,
 To cut down *Dido* from the Gibbet.

(g) ——— Irim demisit Olympo,
 Quæ lucet antem animam necosque resoluere artus.

Iris when young, had learn'd to *fly*
 (As youth is full of waggery)
 Of a tame Jack-daw that she had,
 And for her journeys, lately made
 Fine parry-colour'd wings to *fly* in,
 No worse then of her Fathers Dying,
 Who knowing that his daughter was
 To be preferr'd to such a place,
 And what she must b' imployed about,
 Had spared no cost to set her out.

(h) At the command of Heaven's Goddess,
 She ties these wings fast to her bodies,
 Which waving, did adorn the skie,
 With all the fair variety

(h) *Ego Iris croceis per caelum roseida penais,
 Mille trahens varios adverso sole colores,
 Devolat.*

Of colours, that the Rain-bow shows
 When clad in her most gawdy cloths.
 Full swift she flew, till coming near
Carthage, she made a Cancellier,
 And then a stoop, when having spy'd
 Queen *Dido's* window staring wide;
 (Set open you may well presume,
 (As there was cause) to air the room,)
 She nimbly, to all folks amazement,
 Whips like a Swallow through the casement.

(i) O're *Dido's* head, she took her stand,
 And cry'd, whilst flourishing a brand,
 Sent down from *Juno* Queen come I
 Epilogue to this Tragedie.

(i) ——— *Et supra caput astitit. Hunc ego Diti
 Sacrum iussu fero; teque isto corpore solvo.*

And thus O *Dido* let thee loose,
From twitch of suffocating noose :

(k) Which said, and tossing high her blade
With great dexterity, the Maid

(l) Oh wonderfull ! even at one side-blow
Spoyl'd a good Rope, and down dropt *Dido*.

(k) Sic ait —————

(l) ————— Et dextra crinem secat : omnis & una
Dilapsus calor, atque in ventos vitta recessit.

FINIS.

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